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THE REMINISCENCES OF A SPORTSMAN FROM THE CRADLE TO THE BEST PART OF LIFE.

BY FLOYER.

CHAPTER VII.

Two Days in Caroline.

Dear John:—When you were here during the dry spell in October, and thought we had no birds, I told you to wait until it rained, and we would have fine shooting. It has now rained; we have had a cold snap; I have baited the blind; the geese are feeding; the birds are more plentiful than I have known them for years. Don and Eva are both in prime condition. If, after a warning like this, you choose to ignore me as you have so often done, I will scratch your name off my books.

Yours,

ELLIOT.

Spring Grove, Caroline Co., Va., Nov. 27.

P. S. A large gang of turkeys have been feeding in the cornfield next the place, in Coleman's flats. If you don't come up and help me I will not wait for you.

From this text our next sermon will be preached. Gentle reader, to fully appreciate the feelings with which this epistle was perused, imagine yourself a rather mediocre lawyer, but a keen sportsman, finding it among a pile of dry legal correspondence lying on your desk when you enter your office in the morning, braced and exhilarated by a morning walk from home. The nipping air of November had put a bright bloom in everybody's cheek. The far-off hills across the river, as they were lit by the autumn sunlight seemed beckoning to the pent-up dwellers in cities to come unto them and they would give them rest. Old Henry, the setter, seemed unwilling to stay behind on such a happy morn, and had gambled and frisked before us as we bent our way to business, and now that we had reached the lawyer's dull office he did not trot disappointedly home as usual, but hung around with wistful look, as if he knew something was up, or as if to say, "Let's quit this foolishness and go to work."

Those geese are good, I know, for Elliot has sent me one or two. I owe those partridges a grudge, for the two day's fruitless search of last October. Turkeys! Well, I would love above all things to try turkeys, for it isn't every day that a man can get a shot at one in these parts. "Down! Henry. Get off my good pants. Plague take you, I believe you know what I'm thinking about. If you had forty tongues you couldn't plead more eloquently. Then there's Eva. Dear little Eva. Now, I haven't seen Eva hunt since the first day Elliot and I took her out, and she chased everything out of the fields. Elliot says she's doing splendidly now, and after all the care I took rearing her, I really ought to go. Let me see. There's Smith's deed to be written. Can write that to-day. Well, Jones vs. Brown is set for trial to-morrow; but the other side want a continuance. I'll quarrel about that and then yield, as a great concession, especially as we are not ready. Note due day after to-morrow! That's rough! Oh, well, I'll pay half and leave renewal for balance. Sale, Friday. Be back by then." So it went. There were several little things which Lawyer Primp or Counsellor Quillet would have considered insuperable objections to absence, but a good partner and an easy conscience soon fully justified the telegram: "Meet me at Milford by evening train."

Work flew behind us that day. How a man can work when he is working for freedom. Two or three rascally clients did come in during the course of the day, and talk about things for to-morrow or for Thursday, as if a man's partner was not as good as himself, or as if Friday was not as good as Wednesday or Thursday. Such unreasonable fellows were soon taught that a lawyer's time is not always his own, and, that unless their proposed business or conference was very important, prior engagements would have to defer their matters until Friday. There was a bustling sort of business air about all this that made those people proud to have a counsellor in such demand, and they doubtless thought, "Ah, well, there's no hurry, and we'll get better advice when he has finished his great speech in the Court of Appeals, or is fresh from his researches in the Elephant will case." That they got better advice by what their lawyer did before he saw them again nobody but Mr. Quilddriver or Mr. Bookworm doubts; but as to the nature of the employments causing that better advice no deposition was read in the case. Some business men are such fools they have to be treated accordingly about these things, and nobody who saw that partner for the next two days learned more than that the senior was absent, having left Tuesday by the train for Washington, and that he would be back Thursday night. It did look a little awkward at the depot, when Mr. Redbricks wanted to talk about his deed of trust, and George came by with the dog, baggage and guns; but George knew his business, passed right on to the baggage-car, and Redbricks never imagined that the things were connected with the legal dignity before him.

And now we're off, five p. m., and forty miles to go. Ashland—Hanover Junction—Penola—Milford—Dark—Halloa!—Drizzling! Yes it is, dark and drizzling. "Why, Elliot, my boy, how are you?"

Five minutes more and the iron horse had sped snorting on its way, leaving us and the little station feeling rather left out in the cold and the dark. By the blinking light of a lantern from the station man we were tumbling the luggage into Elliot's buggy, while something white and something red was sniffing and cavorting around us in the dark.

"Why, Eva, why, Don, old girl, old fellow."

Gr-r-r-r-r, burst forth old Henry, as he was touched in a tender spot by his inquiring country friends, and drew himself up with city dignity.

"Yes, I brought them down with me. Thought you couldn't wait to see them until we reached home," said Elliot, as the dogs capered about with delight.

We were soon speeding along the road for Spring Grove, across the Mattaponi flats, through the rain and darkness, as happy as lords. Perhaps if we had been on a matter of duty we would have grumbled, and called it work, for it was dark, wet and cold; but when a man is out for sport, that sort of thing doesn't count.

The old mare knew the road as well by night as by day and

the dogs followed the rattle of the wheels, so Elliot and I talked over the prospects with perfect unconcern until chilled, and half frozen, we were landed at the old homestead about 8 o'clock. It was soon understood that our two days were to be conscientiously consumed in shooting, and not one hour was to be lost in idling about the house. By ten o'clock lights were out and we knew no more until Banks, the hostler, came to warn us it was 4:30 o'clock.

It was a hard task to awake, but who would not awake at that unearthly hour for a chance at the geese. A cup of hot coffee and a biscuit soon set us on our pins and Elliot and I emerged quietly into the darkness. It was a long, cheerless, chilling tramp from the house to the goose blind.

Spring Grove is one of those extensive plantations containing a thousand acres or more, which lie along the banks of the Mattaponi. The stream itself is a very insignificant affair, skirted for the most part by strips of woods. The flats adjacent are from half a mile to two miles in width, running from the river to high swelling hills, on which the residences are placed.

These fertile stretches of low ground are cultivated in wheat, corn and other cereals.

The large fields upon these flats contain from one hundred to five hundred acres. Deep ditches running from the hills to the river and skirted by hedges of cedar, separate the fields. Now we see a splendid stretch of wheat stubble and ag in a wide expanse of corn. In the cornfields the geese feed at early morning, moving back and forth in security, as, from the station of the watch goose, he can observe any object approaching, long before it is in range, especially a human being. They have little to fear from the approach of humans at the season in question, for the corn has been gathered, and many days frequently elapse without any human being going upon the flats. But the wary creatures lose none of their caution by their apparent security, and it is next to impossible to get within range by the ordinary means of approach. Elliot had laid his plans for sport wisely and well. The previous season, he had winged an old gander which he had cherished tenderly until the present. During the Fall he had built a blind, and when the cold weather set in he had, after carefully clipping the gander's wing, put him in a pen in the low grounds with plenty of corn and water. The field was filled with fodder stacks so that the geese had no fear of them. Elliot, at thirty or forty yards distance from his gander had built a square six-foot cube of a shed. This was completely covered with corn stalks and made to resemble every other stack in the field. Two loop holes opened toward the pen. A small aperture on the opposite side admitted the sportsmen.

Droway, and stumbling through the dark, we plodded along through the grove, with our guns tucked under our arms gradually descending to the farm road and now and then stepping into the mud holes left by the rain of the night before. There was no moon. Heavy clouds still obscured the sky. At last, turning off the road and pulling through several hundred yards of wet soft ground we found ourselves at the blind. Elliot had not contented himself with the necessities. He had a little lamp inside, a stove not larger than the crown of one's hat, a homespun carpet, two chairs, and a pair of blankets to lie down upon. It was a right royal residence. The old gander had given us one or two "honk, honks" as we approached. As it was still sometime before day we lit our cigars, having first stuck our hats in the loop-holes to conceal our light. Now and then Elliot would tip-toe to the aperture and make a survey. I had stretched out for a snooze and was just passing off into dreamland when Elliot touched me lightly, and we were at the loop-holes in an instant. The day was beginning to break. The decoy goose had already begun to move about, uttering the familiar call, "Too-loodle-loodle-honk—Too-loodle-loodle-honk." Elliot had shrewdly placed the blind to the north and west of the bait so as to put us in the shadow, and yet give us the eastern light across our sight. High up, and yet a long distance from us, we saw three geese evidently reconnoitering the position, answering our old ally's call. There, in full sight, was the tempting bait, scattered about upon the ground but literally piled into two furrows which passed on either side of the pen and led directly to our loop-holes. The geese seemed to pass us by as they were lost to sight above the blind, but what was our joy and that of our captive, as, with loud rush of wing they came, with circling swoop, right down to the ground from behind us. The gander became clamorous with joy, and the visitors, after looking suspiciously about, made the welkin ring with morning greetings. Guard mounting immediately took place. A stately gander strode forth from the group and poising himself on one foot, evidently assumed all the responsibilities of the occasion while his companions hastened to their breakfast with perfect confidence. We stood with beating hearts enjoying this noisy gabble, well knowing that it was a signal for recruits. Nor were we long disappointed. In squads of three, five, and seven they came in with much less of hesitation than the first arrival, each new company being greeted with loud acclamations and promptly doing the clean thing, by relieving the sentinel on post when they arrived.

Not a word had we spoken. Now and then a grin or a nudge answered every purpose of expressing satisfaction. The number now on the bait was at least forty. The scattered corn was soon completely devoured, and they began to shovel along the furrows, and range themselves in rows as they fed toward us. Something, we could not tell what, alarmed them. The whole company, at a sharp call from the sentinel, threw up their necks, stood erect and motionless, with head aloft, and eyes upturned as if undecided, while a low, whispering murmur ran back and forth. "Shall we give it to them now," whispered I; "we had better—they'll be gone before we know it." "No, wait, they're not enough in line," whispered Elliot, with his teeth chattering with excitement. It was very tempting; it was selfish to wish to shoot, for while mine were beautifully in line poor Elliot's were sadly scattered. In a moment the geese became reassured and resumed their feeding. We could see their eyes and hear the "tick-tick-tick-tick" of their bills distinctly, as they fed toward us along the furrows. But we saw evident signs of uneasiness; Elliot placed his gun on the rest and started to an aperture in the rear to see what was alarming them. Just as he

turned away a loud scream sent the whole company high in air, and seeing the uselessness of waiting for him I blazed away with both barrels and saw three geese fall. I felt him rush to his gun, heard some exclamation of annoyance, and the next instant his weapon was discharged. "Well," said he, "that's the queerest sport I ever had in this blind." I had not seen what he shot, or had time to explain why I fired in advance of him. His manner was so peculiar as he rushed headlong from the blind I thought he must be offended, and followed after him to tell him I had fired only as a last resort. What was my amazement to behold him belaboring a tremendous bald eagle with a fence rail, while our poor old watch goose lay dead in the field. The whole situation was soon made plain. It was the eagle that had caused the sudden and precipitate flight which forced my shot. Elliot had rushed to his opening just in time to see the ravenous creature foiled in his other prey, too late to arrest his swoop when my gun was discharged, wreak his vengeance upon, and sink his talons deep in the brain of our decoy. He explained that seeing him rising with the dead bird in his clutches he had given him one barrel and brought him down. Elliot was furious. Poor old Dick had been performing his part so well, and came to his death so ignominiously. All the sport for the remainder of the season was ruined by this singular mishap. It was with very little satisfaction we gathered up our geese, and with a grim smile that Elliot remarked that he hated nothing so much as killing more than a man wanted. We soon had our game slung upon a pole and started for the house, eagle and all. If Elliot had lost a near relative his lamentations could not have been more touching than those uttered over poor Dick, but being less attached to Dick than he was, candor compels me to say that Dick was one of the fattest and most toothsome geese I ever had the pleasure of eating. Elliot confined himself to other dishes at the meal at which his beloved gander was served.

As we returned toward the house, the sky, which had been cloudy all the morning, became again overcast. Elliot paused once or twice to observe the course of the wind, and at last we were both convinced we would soon have a storm.

"Well," said he, "you came for sport, and I'm determined to have it in one form or another. We will try the birds near the house, and meanwhile I'll send over for Woolfolks' hounds. If we are driven in by the rain from the birds, we'll take some of the farm hands and have a big time hare hunting in the low grounds."

"It is too wet to plow to-day, and the hands will be glad of the sport."

After a short stay at the house for an early breakfast, during which the conversation of Elliot was chiefly maledictions of the eagle, we were once more afoot, this time accompanied by Don, Henry and Eva. Emerging upon the lawn we found a general muster of the farm laborers and their families. Men, women and children, all assembled to inspect the national bird, which, with the geese, we had hung upon the horse-rack. The remarks of the darkies would have amused a stranger to one of these Southern scenes.

"Hi, ole eagle, can't gwine eat no mo' goose in dis worl'."

"Po' ole Dick dun got his head busted."

"Sarve him right. He ortn't ter bin foolin' his own kind to git 'em killed."

"Golly, can't dat eagle got awful claws."

"Mars Elliot, I spec you sorry fur all dat corn you dun feed ole Dick on now, eant you?"

"Boys," said Elliot, "we are going to have a big hare hunt in the low grounds. How many of you can go?"

Four strapping young bucks stepped out from the crowd, and touching their hats, while they grinned from ear to ear, said respectfully, "Le'm me go, Mars Elliot."

"Can you plow to-day?"

"No sah, it's too wet."

"Israel," said he, addressing himself to the foreman, "what can you do to-day, can you spare these boys?"

"Yaas, sah. Dars nuthin' pertickler. We're gwine to put up de fence in de back field, but arter dat, dar eant much we kin do, de groun's so wet."

"All right. Phil, go over to Mr. Woolfolks and ask him to send or bring Ring, Music and Rosy. Don't want but those three."

"Aye, aye, boss." And away Phil started.

"Wash, go over to Mr. Turner's and ask him to send or bring Rattler and Rambler. Be here by twelve o'clock, d'ye understand?" And away Wash started.

"Mars Elliot, you better take my dog Leo," said an old, lame darkey, who was listening. "He's de greatest har' dog ever I see."

"All right, have Leo here too. We'll wake up the low grounds."

"George, you take the pony, and ride over to Mr. Wright's, and tell him we want him and his whole pack of six, and to be sure he reaches here by twelve o'clock."

Having thus planned our afternoon's campaign, we mounted our horses for a morning's shoot at partridges.

Elliot's Don was a dropper, being out of Dido, a delicate, beautiful pointer bitch with every mark of fine breeding, by a sturdy thoroughbred setter. Don had bred to the setter side, and no one who was unaware of his pedigree would have supposed he was not a full-bred setter. I have seen many handsomer dogs than Don and many better bred dogs, but recalling the great number I have shot over I have never seen his superior. We had observed a beautiful stubble field adjoining that in which we had our exploit with the geese and thither we repaired, but the search was long and fruitless. Don and Henry at last drew carefully in toward game, vying with each other in their cautious approach. Eva, who had run rampant all the morning, was wheeling about at a considerable distance, with dancing tail and flying ears; she caught sight of their motions and throwing herself on her haunches for a moment, with head high and ears thrown over her head, came rushing like a whirlwind, and as she struck the scent hot and keen bounded, once, twice, thrice, like a rubber ball, spite of our loud reiterated orders, plump into the covey, and then went after them like a bullet. Don and Henry came cowering to heel while she sped on her course for two hundred yards, returning with the same headlong rush and no more

listening to us than if she had no ears. A thrashing that made her wriggle and squirm all over the ground, had only the effect of making her leap and skip about us the moment she was released and then go to work again with the vim and energy of a steam engine. We had marked the birds a long way off along a cedar hedge. Chased as they had been they made a very long flight and were scattered for at least a hundred yards.

"That confounded little imp has the hardest head and most irrepressible excitement I ever saw," said Elliot. "I thought I had whipped her into staunchness but she is hopelessly ungovernable. Whipping does no good. With energy and endurance that I never saw surpassed, with an exquisite nose, a fine retriever, she spoils all our sport and I give up the task of trying to break her. With a check cord she performs beautifully but a man cannot spend his life breaking one dog. Let's tie her with a bridle rein until we finish up this covey. We have but little time."

Poor Eva was called in and tied to the rein of Elliot's mare, in whose gentleness we had perfect confidence. She sat whining and whimpering as we moved off, and then began whirling and yelping and rolling on the ground. The old mare stood perfectly stolid. At last Eva grew quiet, crawled up to the mare, licked and fondled her muzzle for a moment, deliberately rose, and keeping the rein taut led her gently toward us. Although we were provoked at this evident conspiracy against us between horse and dog, we could not help laughing.

"Elliot, let me try a little trick on Eva," said I, as we released the rein. "It is a bad thing to do I know, but some of the best dogs I ever knew were the hardest to break, and while there is a risk of making a dog gun-shy by the thing I propose, I think she has too much spirit to make that at all probable. Tie up Henry and Don a few moments."

Henry and Don were taken in, Eva was called up and war ed. I quietly slipped a cartridge with No. 10 shot in my right barrel.

"Take care Eva," said I, as she struck the scent along the hedge. Away she went, bounding and rushing, "Take care!" It had no more effect than whistling to the wind. In she rushed upon a bird that struggled out of some dead brush, and wheeling out into the field passed back in the direction we had come from. Eva flew, yelping, right after the bird. I let her get between forty and fifty yards from me and blazed away at her with the No. 10 shot. Down went her stern, squat went her buttocks upon the ground. Yelp-yelp-yelp-yelp-p-p-p. Oh! it was a miserable plight in which Miss Eva found herself, and loud and long were her lamentations. Meanwhile not a word of com ort did she get from anybody, but on the contrary Don and Henry received fondling and caresses. Pursuing the sport Don did some of the most superb work I ever saw. Elliot and I divided, one taking one side of the hedge, the other the other. Unfortunately for me the birds had for the most part lit on Elliot's side. The field on his side had been cultivated in corn two years before, and the furrows were still distinctly visible, although it was thin grass. They ran transverse to the hedge and out upon these furrows the birds had run from the hedges singly or in pairs. Don followed the hedge, turned out into a furrow, trailed across Elliot's front until he stood, retrieved the dead bird, returned to the hedge and hunted along it until he struck a fresh trail and performed the same feat, over and over again. Henry and I had only the good luck of two birds on our side, while Elliot had seven beautiful points in the open. Where was Eva all this time? Sulking behind, unnoticed by anybody. Sore as a boil. Now and then sitting down to lick a very itching spot, but showing no signs of wanting to rush in or even to hunt. Shooting a dog.

One or two more covies were found, and very good sport was had that morning, until appearing on the hill above us, clearly outlined against the sky, a mounted huntsman, surrounded by half a dozen hounds, winded his horn and the eager pack made the welkin ring to warn us that the big "bar hunt" was only awaiting our return to begin. The hare hunt and our luck with those turkeys shall form the subject of our next.

The Horse.

Death of Parole's Dam.

The World announces the death of Parole's dam, which occurred on March 10. She was purchased last Summer by Mr. Pierre Lorillard, the owner of Parole, of Mr. A. Welch, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. Parole was just in the height of his glory, and as Mr. Lorillard owned two stallions, both akin to the best families in England, as Leamington, the sire of Parole, was, Mr. Lorillard naturally wished to add so good a mare to his already large and well-bred stable at Rancocas. Consequently, during the Summer, Maiden was transferred from Chestnut Hill to Rancocas, being in fact at the time to Alamo. Although eighteen years old, she was one of the best looking mares in the pasture, and certainly warranted the supposition that Mr. Lorillard would have the pleasure of breeding her either to imported Glenlyon or to imported Saxon. On the 10th inst., Maiden dropped a fine, large bay filly by Alamo, and everything progressed favorably until night of the same day, when she broke a blood vessel and died. Maiden was bred in 1862 by the late R. A. Alexander, brother of the present A. J. Alexander, now the owner of the famous Woodburn farm, in Woodford county, Ky. She was a bright bay, by Lexington, out of Kitty Clark, by imported Glencoe, her dam being Miss Obsolete by Sumpter. Having been foaled during the war, Maiden had but little chance to establish her fame as a race-mare. She ran two or three times in 1864 as a two-year-old, winning once; but her greatest success was as a three-year-old at Saratoga, in 1865, when for the Travers Stakes, carrying the light blue colors of Tom Moore, she beat John Hunter's Orlata, Tom Patterson's Sarah K. and four others. Afterward she ran a grand race of mile heats at Lexington, beating a field of seven starters in a race of three heats, making 1:45½, 1:46½, and 1:50½. In 1866 Maiden was retired from the turf and was bred to Lightning. Bruce's American Stud Book "showing her career since to be as follows:

1867. Brown colt, by Lightning.
1868. Brown colt, by Lightning.
1869. Mised.
1870. Bay filly, by Beacon (Lady Washington).
1871. Mised.
1872. Bay colt, by Leamington (James A).
1873. Brown colt, by Leamington (Parole).
1874. Brown filly, by Leamington (Muscio).
1875. Bay filly, by Leamington (Perfection).
1876. Chestnut colt, by Leamington (Pawnee).
1877. Chestnut filly, by Leamington (Pappoose).
1878. Chestnut filly, by Leamington (Pawpaw).
1879. Brown colt, by Leamington (Young Parole).
1880. — filly, by Alamo.

Of the above, James A. was the first to attract special attention, but as he went amiss early in his career he never had a real chance. Parole, under the fostering care of Billy Brown, has made himself one of the most famous horses ever bred in the United States. It must be said, however, that since Parole none of Maiden's progeny, with the exception of Pappoose, has done anything specially meritorious. Pawpaw will make her debut on the English turf during the coming season. Of the yearling now at Chestnut Hill, the Sportsman recently said: "We recently had another opportunity of inspecting the yearling colt, by Leamington, out of Maiden, belonging to Mr. Pierre Lorillard, which is still at Chestnut Hill. He has made vast improvement, and is now, in our judgment, as fine a colt as ever was seen. He is Leamington all over, and we think that when he attains maturity he will more closely resemble the grand old horse who lies under the pines and magnolias on Mr. Welch's lawn than any other of his sons. Young Parole already stands four or five inches high. He has the plain, resolute head of his elder brother. He is very deep through the heart, like his sire. He is long, with the splendid back and loins of that great racing tribe. His quarters are long and deep, but he is not very wide behind. His legs are capital. If he continues to do well, this colt will not be much less than sixteen hands high next year. We can assure his owner and every other lover of the blood-horse of high type that he is an unusually fine specimen of that magnificent production. He is all quality, and when brought upon the course he will look like a king."

Purses Ignored for the July Trotting Meeting.

The executive committee of the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club struck the right chord, when at their meeting on March 12, it was resolved to issue a programme for their Summer trotting meeting made up of stakes, and to thoroughly ignore the old purse system. In our last issue we published the conditions of four stakes, which were intended to fill the special race interest. The novelty of the terms, with the additional overtures held out to enhance the value of the aggregate stake met with such flattering approval from owners, that it was determined to offer the following programme for the July Trotting Meeting:

The following is the programme in full:

TUESDAY, JULY 20.

No. 1. Dunston's Spirit of the Turf Stake—Open to all stallions; \$300 entrance, \$100 forfeit, with \$1,000 added.
No. 2. Thomas H. Brown's Novelty Carriage Works Stake—Open to all horses that have never trotted better than 2:27; \$150 entrance, \$75 forfeit, with \$750 added.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21.

No. 3. J. H. Haverly Stake—Open to all horses that have never trotted better than 2:21; \$300 entrance, \$100 forfeit, with \$1,000 added.
No. 4. Sherman House Stake—Open to all horses that have never trotted better than 2:40; \$100 entrance, \$50 forfeit, with \$500 added.
No. 5. Breeder's Stallion Stake—Open to all stallions that have never trotted better than 2:30; \$100 entrance, \$50 forfeit, with \$500 added by J. H. Haverly.

THURSDAY, JULY 22.

No. 6. S. K. Dow Stake—Open to all horses that have never trotted better than 2:30; \$300 entrance, \$100 forfeit, with \$1,000 added.
No. 7. J. H. McAvoy Stake—Open to all horses that have never trotted better than 2:34; \$100 entrance, \$50 forfeit, with \$500 added.
No. 8. Special purse or stake to be named hereafter.

FRIDAY, JULY 23.

No. 9. H. V. Bemis Stake—Open to all horses that have never trotted better than 2:19; \$300 entrance, \$100 forfeit, with \$1,000 added.
No. 10. Armstrong and Bride Stake—Open to all pacers; \$150 entrance, \$75 forfeit, with \$750 added.

SATURDAY, JULY 24.

No. 11. Chapin & Gore Stake—Open to all horses that have never trotted better than 2:30; \$100 entrance, \$50 forfeit, with \$500 added.
No. 12. Willoughby, Hill & Co.'s Stake—Open to all horses that have never beaten 2:35; \$300 entrance, \$100 forfeit, with \$1,000 added.

CONDITIONS.

All the above stakes to be for trotting (except No. 10, pacing), mile heats, best three in five, in harness, and to the rules of the National Trotting Association, and the stakes and added money to be divided as follows: Sixty-five per cent, to first horse, 30 per cent, to second, 15 per cent, to third horse.

All stakes close May 3, 1880, and nominations must conform strictly to the rules of the National Trotting Association, and be addressed to D. L. Hall, superintendent, No. 116 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill.

One-half the entrance money forfeit, and becomes due at the time of making the entry. The other half, from those who start, becomes due and payable at the club room, No. 116 Monroe street, at 8 o'clock p. m. of the night previous to the race, after which time any horse whose second payment is not made shall be considered drawn, and will not be permitted to start.

Any forfeits not paid before the race will be paid by the club to the winner (in proportion to their winnings) by orders on the owner or nominator of the horse in default, and if such order is not paid within five days after the race, the horse, owner, and nominator will be suspended by the club until paid, as provided by the rules of the National Association.

In order to avoid any misunderstanding as to the classes of horses eligible to these stakes it is hereby expressly stated that by "horses that have never trotted better than" 2:19, 2:21, 2:23, etc., etc., is meant horses that have no lower record than the time mentioned, and has no reference to their being eligible to such a class by virtue of the new rule of the National Trotting Association, in regard to fractional parts of a second; in the above stakes a horse with a record of 2:30½ is not eligible in the stake for 2:31 horses, and so on.

For full information, programme, and entry blanks, address D. L. Hall, Superintendent Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club, No. 116 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill.

Shipment of Mr. Keene's Stable.

The question of the superiority of the English and American thoroughbreds seem to be in a fair way of settlement as far as the running of American horses in England is concerned. Mr. J. R. Keene's stable left New York on March 6 per the National steamship *Helvetia* for Liverpool. The question, however, of trying English horses in the United States, except with horses purchased by Americans, seems to be as far from settlement as it was twenty-five years ago, no English owner yet having been found sufficiently interested in the matter to test the question by running a stable for his own account at Jerome, Monmouth, Saratoga or elsewhere. As to Mr. Keene's venture, it is to be hoped that his horses will at least arrive safely and in as good health as can be expected after nearly two weeks' confinement on the main deck of an ocean steamship. That they will suffer some is nearly certain, especially should the weather prove bad, as is very likely at this season of the year. Every effort, however, has been made to mitigate the rigors of the voyage. The stalls are substantially built, as near as possible. They are well padded, and as the attendants, W. J. Rogers, William Kane and Charles Littlefield, Jr., are men of experience with horses afloat, it is to be hoped the stable will be delivered in fairly good condition to Mr. Joseph Dawson at Newmarket. The lot is as follows:

Spendthrift (4), by Australian, dam Aerolite.
Lord Murphy (1), by Pat Malloy, dam Winona.
Bookmaker (2), by Bonnie Scotland, dam Junata.
Bran Dance (2), by Bonnie Scotland, dam Lantana.
Bay colt (2), by King Alfonso, dam Jamaica.
McDonald (2), by Enquirer, dam Ontario (brother to McWhirter).
Bay colt (2), by Waverly, dam Lady Wallenstein (brother to Wallenstein).

Chestnut colt (2), by Australian, dam Alabama (brother to Madge).
Chestnut colt (2), by Monarchist, dam Alala.
Bay colt (2), by Australian, dam Hester (brother to Springbok).
Bay colt (2), by Virgil, dam Annie Bush.

Chestnut colt (2), by King Alfonso, dam Canary Bird.
But little difficulty was experienced in getting the lot on shipboard, all having become so familiar with Mr. Rogers that the sound of his voice assured them there was no danger. Lord Murphy and the brothers of Madge gave the most trouble. There are six other horses on board, and the lot are so arranged that there are six on each side of the ship, with the two four-year-olds facing each other. It was understood that Mr. Rogers would return at once to this country and train Dan Sparling, Mier, and the brown filly by Australian, out of Inverness, to whom the name of Lady Caroline has been given. It is somewhat unfortunate that she is left over, as her engagements are among the earliest of those of the two-year-olds, she being in the Grand Stakes and in the Criterion Stakes at Newmarket in the Fall. Of course no account can be taken of the Double-Trial Plate which was entered clearly by mistake, while, as far as Spendthrift is concerned, it will take some sharp and careful work to fit him for the Epsom Gold Cup, to be run for on May 28, or the Ascot Gold Cup on June 10.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.—As we go to press the result of the Lincolnshire handicap race has not reached us. The impression has gained ground that the heavy impost on Parole would deter him from starting, and this belief was further strengthened by a cablegram of date March 14, announcing that he had receded in the betting to the odds of 100 to 1; whereas two weeks since he was quoted the favorite. Wallenstein, who is also engaged, was quoted in the betting at 12 to 1.

In regard to Mr. Lorillard's three-year-old Wallenstein, it may be said that since a bet of 600 to 10 was taken, the colt has found considerable public favor, and was quoted by cable at 30 to 1, while Parole had receded to 33 to 1, on the strength of a report that Wallenstein had beaten Parole in the trial. Of course too much credence must not be placed on such a report. Although there was a strongly sustained rumor about a day or two ago that a cable dispatch had been received in this city asking if Mr. Lorillard intended to win with the youngster in preference to Parole if it were possible. The answer is not known, but there is certainly a strong belief that Mr. Lorillard will win with Wallenstein if he can. It is known that the youngster has been doing well, and as he beat Checkmate a mile at Jerome Park last October, carrying 89 pounds, in 1:46, he as a three-year-old now, with one pound less, should find the straight Lincoln Mile just his race, unless it should suit Mr. Lorillard's arrangements to save the youngster for some more important future event.

As the official racing season in England has begun the current week will be a busy one with English "turfites," for what with Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at Lincoln, Thursday and Friday at Liverpool, and the Oxford-Cambridge race on Saturday, the week will be well filled. At Liverpool on Friday Mr. Lorillard has Parole in the Liverpool Cup, a mile and a quarter, with 131 pounds, Mistake at 96 pounds, Bly Dance at 92 pounds and Wallenstein at 91 pounds.

It has wonderful power on bowels, liver and kidneys! What? Kidney-Wort, try it.—(Adv't.)

Answers to Correspondents.

KENNEL.

S. L. N., Washington, D. C.—I have a scotch terrier five years old, don't think he has had the distemper. He has a peculiar cough generally brought on by exertion, such as playing rather violently with other dogs, etc., as well as when I rub his throat or strike him on any part of the body; you would probably call it more of a gag than a cough; he has had it for about two years. He is a very healthy dog in other respects. When coughing does not throw up saliva, or anything. Please inform me what to do for him and oblige. Ans.—Give a teaspoonful three times a day of syrup of tolu and syrup of acacia each two ounces, and syrup of ipecac three drams. Also give a dessert-spoonful of pure cod-liver oil mornings and nights.

C., Oglesby, Ill.—1. Can you inform me whether there is any dog in existence of the name of Prince Charles. It is claimed he is a deep red Irish setter, and was at the bench show at Pittsburgh, Penn., May 7, 1878, but was not entered therein. If you can shed a light on the subject you will confer a favor. 2. What is the price of lithograph of Nellie and Dan? Ans.—1. Can any of our readers give the information? 2. Fifty cents by mail.

St. EARN, Rochester, N. Y.—Please give the winnings of the setter bitch Pearl y Prairie Ranger, out of Valentine's Nellie? Ans.—1st, in native setter class (bitches) at St. Louis, Oct. 1877, and V.H.C. at Baltimore, April, 1878, in class for best native setter dog or bitch, any strain.

SUBSCRIBER.—The St. Louis K. C. is perfectly reliable. The other party we believe to be honest, and to intend to be reliable, but we question whether their judgment or knowledge of dogs would in the strict sense of the word make them reliable to purchase from.

DICK, Dayton, O.—Please inform me if a dog bought in Canada is considered imported. 2. Must it be registered as such?—Ans.—1. Yes. 2. Yes.

INQUIRER.—Can stag-hounds and fox-hounds be registered in the N. A. K. C. Stud Book? Ans.—Yes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. O. H., Grayling, Mich.—I would like some information through your paper, or by letter. I intend purchasing wild rice seed, and putting some of it in the lakes and streams in this county. As I have had no experience in handling the rice, as to time of planting, and where it would be likely to do the best, would you be kind enough to give it me, or give me the address of some gentleman that I might correspond, and thus obtain it? Ans.—Write to T. P. Cantwell, Brainerd, Minn., or R. Valentine, Janesville, Wis., from either of whom you can get the seed and the information how to plant it.

S. S. B., Des Moines, Iowa.—Will you please give me the address of parties dealing in wild animals that I may secure a number for a zoological garden at this place? Ans.—Write to Chas. Reiche & Bro., 54 Chatham St., New York.

C. R., Burlington, Ia.—We wish to secure a quantity of wild rice for sowing. Who can supply us with the method of sowing? Ans.—R. Valentine, Janesville, Wis., or T. P. Cantwell, Brainerd, Minn.

GAME AND SHOOTING.

F. G., Bellafonte, Centre Co., Pa.—If you can give me the names and address of any parties from whom we could procure live quails, you will greatly oblige me. This bird is very scarce in our section, and our game club is anxious to restock if we can procure the birds. Ans.—We can not give the information requested. Indeed, it is impossible to get them.

J. G. D., Altoona, Pa.—Can you give me the address of any one from whom I will be able to secure live quail? Ans.—We cannot.

TRAP SHOOTING.

B. Syracuse, Neb.—1. The rules of the Nebraska Sportsmen's Association require the bird to be on the wing when shot at. A and are shooting at pigeons. A shoots a bird while it is flying. B shoots a bird that was thrown clear from the trap, but was settling down by the trap without any apparent attempt at flying. B challenges the bird, claiming that A had no right to shoot unless the bird was in flight. Who is right, A or B? 2. What does the technical expression, on the wing, mean? Ans.—1. A. 2. A bird is on the wing when its wings are spread and its feet off the ground.

Rifle.

BOSTON, MASS.—Editor *Chicago Field*:—The tenth competition at Walnut Hill on Saturday, March 13, in the "Everybody's match" was marked by some fine scores; among the best are the following:

W. H. Jackson	5 5 5 4 5 5 5 4 5—48
W. Howard	4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—48
Re-entry	5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5—48
J. Nichols	5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5—48
Re-entry	5 5 4 5 5 5 5 4—45
W. Charles	4 5 5 5 5 5 5 4—46
C. R. Griffing	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4—47
Re-entry	4 5 5 4 5 5 5 4—44
E. Bennett	4 5 5 4 5 5 5 4—46
Re-entry	4 5 5 4 5 5 5 4—45
A. B. Archer	4 5 4 5 5 5 5 4—45
Re-entry	4 5 4 5 5 5 5 4—45
R. Davis	5 4 5 5 5 5 5 4—45
J. F. Brown	4 4 5 4 5 5 5 4—43
E. B. Souther	4 4 5 4 5 5 5 4—43
Re-entry	5 4 4 5 5 5 5 4—44
H. Tyler	4 4 5 4 5 5 5 4—42
E. Whittier	4 4 4 5 5 5 5 4—43
Re-entry	4 4 4 5 5 5 5 4—43
J. Borden	4 4 4 4 5 5 5 4—43
C. U. Melgus	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—41
C. A. Arthur	3 4 4 5 4 4 4 3—39
Re-entry	4 4 4 3 3 3 3 3—38
A. Locke	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3—36

DOUBLE-FOUR.

LAKE VIEW RIFLE RANGE.—Chicago, Ill.—Editor *Chicago Field*:—Please find below scores shot over our range Saturday, March 13. Mr. Colehour having won the first-class badge three times straight takes the badge. Mr. F. Clarke won the second-class badge:

Jno. Macauley	4 5 5 5 4 5 5 4—46
(Re-entry)	4 5 5 4 4 5 5 4—45
J. A. Colehour	4 5 5 4 4 5 5 4—45
E. P. Chaffield	4 5 4 5 4 4 4 4—44
(Re-entry)	4 4 3 3 4 4 4 5—39
B. Clarke	4 4 5 4 4 4 4 4—41
(Re-entry)	4 4 4 5 5 4 4 4—41
Wm. Warren	4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4—41
(Re-entry)	3 2 4 5 4 3 5 4—37
F. D. Clarke	4 5 4 5 4 4 4 4—41
(Re-entry)	4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4—40
Wm. Burns	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—40
(Re-entry)	5 2 4 5 6 4 3 3—40
Jno. McConnell	5 5 5 4 3 3 3 3—39

CATLIN.

DENISON, TEXAS.—Editor *Chicago Field*:—The Denison Rifle Club held their inaugural Spring shoot on Saturday, March 6, at the Sand Creek Rifle Range. It was a very disagreeable day for rifle shooting, as it was cloudy and the wind blew very strong. Distance, 300 yards, off-hand. This club was organized last December. Inclosed, I send you score.

J. H. Willard	5 2 2 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3—57
T. L. Ellis	4 3 3 3 3 4 4 4 4 3 4 3—53
L. E. Pollard	4 4 4 3 3 4 4 4 4 3 3 3—53
C. E. Harvey	3 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—51
C. P. Fox	4 3 3 3 4 5 3 4 3 4 4 3—51
E. Love	5 4 4 5 4 3 5 4 4 4 4 4—51
M. Yawman	4 4 3 3 3 4 2 5 4 4 4 4—54

LEPOLLARD.

A STARTLING FACT IN GUNNERY.—The art of gunnery may be said to rest on the axiom, "That a bullet of any weight will fall from the muzzle of a cannon or other firearm standing horizontally to the plane on which it so stands, in the same space of time that a bullet fired from the same gun, without elevation of the muzzle, will so fall to the same plane or level." This is to many, no doubt, a startling statement, and it seems marvelous at first sight that a rifle-bullet can be projected many yards, yet without giving it elevation, in the same space of time it would take to fall to the ground from the height of a man's shoulder. Yet so it is; and the whole art of the gunsmith, says Dongall in his book on shooting, in the prolongation of point-blank range, is to utilize this short period to the best advantage: for nature, inexorable in her laws, will not grant him another thousandth of an instant.—*English Exchange*.

GOOD SHOOTING.—On March 6 at the Emmett Guard Range, Virginia City, Nevada, Dr. W. A. Perkins with a 44 caliber Winchester rifle (presented him by Dr. W. F. Carver) broke four St. Louis beer bottles at 105 and 115 yards, in four consecutive off-hand shots, same distance. This was followed up with eight consecutive shots at eight 44 caliber Winchester shells (empty) at from thirty to forty feet, all of which were hit consecutively.

Fish and Fishing.

BY FRED MATHER.

The Jack of Tennessee.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—A most interesting question as to what is the "Jack fish," commonly called "salmon" in the Western states, is likely to meet a scientific conclusion through the energy and zeal of Dr. J. W. Boyd, Professor Hunter Nicholson, of the University of Tennessee, at Knoxville, and Colonel George F. Akers, State Fish Commissioner, of this city. The enclosed documents, consisting of the opinion of Dr. Boyd, and a full scientific description of the fish by Professor Nicholson, will no doubt throw light on all the facts known with regard to the fish, and be instrumental in establishing its habitat and range, its place and period of spawning, and also whether they go to salt water or not. In the opinions expressed by Dr. Boyd and Professor Nicholson it would seem that the specimens shown in the photograph are of two different species, though Colonel Akers thinks they are one and the same.

As to the fact as stated by the Doctor and Professor, that one of the specimens are found at all seasons in the Holston river, and the other only from October until March, gives rise certainly to a question of difference of species; still, that difference can be settled by scientific research. As to their going to the sea, that could be easily determined by having practical men on the lookout, at such points as Smithland, Paducah, Cairo, Memphis, and Vicksburg, for the fish in October, when they leave these waters, and in the latter part of February, when they are supposed to be on their return. As to the quantities of these fish when in season, they can be counted by millions, and they grow to great size, as high at times as forty pounds, and what is still more singular is, that they are seldom taken as small as the photograph specimens; this seems an additional proof that they do go to salt water after being hatched, and there remain until old enough to commence breeding. I am not yet aware that there is any evidence of their coming up into our waters to spawn, except that Colonel Akers has told me that on one occasion he caught a female of about nineteen and a half pounds weight, in Buffalo, from which he took a roe weighing nearly seven pounds. This will give a fair idea of the fecundity of the fish, and would lead one to believe that they do spawn in these waters. As a food fish they are unsurpassed, and deserve a prominent place in fish history. With such a scientist (as Professor Hunter Nicholson), a description of the fish, and the photograph specimens, it seems that there should be no difficulty in settling the question about a matter of such importance. Prof. Nicholson suggests that most valuable information might be procured by artificially breeding this fine fish. Perhaps the documentary evidences which I now send you may ultimately induce the U. S. Fish Commission to turn their attention to it, and assist Prof. Nicholson to make the experiment.

Col. G. F. Akers has the two specimens on hand in alcohol, which, if you desire to still further aid in the research, I will send you.

Prof. Nicholson sends the following:

DESCRIPTION OF THE JACK.—*Stizostedion Rafinesque: Lucio-perca* Cuvier.

(From De Kay's Fishes of New York.)

Characteristics.—Yellowish grey, with black and yellow mottlings. Spinous dorsal, yellow with black dots. Opercle slightly serrated; length, 15½ in.; girth, 9½ in.

Description of Body.—Slender, cylindrical, profile of head almost straight, scales small, yellowish tipped with black, ciliate on the rounded margin. Lateral line straight with the upper edge of gill cover through the middle of the eye; number of scales (in lateral line) ninety. Orbits full, slightly oval, five-eighths inch in anterior; posterior diameter nostrils double anterior, valvular. Branchial rays twelve, mouth wide, extensible; upper jaw slightly longer. Series of sharp recurved teeth of the lower jaw, single row. Two conspicuous teeth in front on lower jaw received into cavities above; two similar teeth in upper jaw, vomer free from teeth, tongue smooth, pointed and free.

First dorsal fin arises in a line vertical with the last ventral fin, composed of fourteen rays (slender spinous), first is one inch; second is one and three-eighths inches, sub-equal to the eighth; last ray not attached to the body of the fin by the membrane.

Second Dorsal: One short simple sub-spinous ray and sixteen articulate rays. It arises five-eighths of an inch behind the first dorsal, the anterior soft rays longest, and thence gradually diminishing. Last ray not attached by the membrane and ending three-eighths of an inch above a vertical line back of the last anal fin.

Pectoral Fin: Twelve rays, the longest two inches, tips reaching beneath the sixth ray of the spinous dorsal.

Ventral Fin: Inserted three-eighths of an inch posterior to the pectorals, composed of five branched rays.

Anal Fin: One sub-spinous and eleven branched rays.

Caudal Fin: Twenty branched rays.

Color: Yellowish mottled with black, beneath, a pale white. Head and gill covers greenish yellow; chin dark, pupils dark and vitreous, irides mottled with yellow and black. Membrane of spinous dorsal transparent, marked with rows of oval black spots. Soft dorsal fin yellowish with three rows of black spots; pectorals yellowish with faint black spots; anal ditto; caudal yellowish with black bars.

THE YELLOW PIKE PERCH.—(*Lucio-perca americana*).

(From De Kay's Fishes of New York.)

Characteristics.—Greyish tinged with yellow and black marks on the posterior part of the spinous dorsal. Lower edge of the opercle smooth; length, twelve to twenty-eight inches.

Description.—Body elongated, cylindrical, tapering, profile of the head in a gently sloping straight line to the extremity of the snout. Scales, moderately subquadrate, ciliate on the rounded free margin, with six radiating plates in front. Lateral line nearly straight from the upper edge of gill cover to the tail, including in its course ninety-five scales. Orbits large, oval, 0.7 inch in antero-posterior diameter; nostrils, double the anterior, with a valvular orifice. Preopercle serrated by a series of distinct spines directed upward on the posterior margin and forward beneath. Opercle with a slender flat terminal spine, beyond which is a pointed membrane. Branchial rays, seven; mouth wide, extensible, the lower jaw received into the upper. A series of acute recurved teeth in both jaws and on the vomer and palatines. Two long conspicuous teeth, resembling canines, in front of each jaw, those of the lower being received into cavities above. Teeth on the vomer minute, the anterior on each palatine very large and conspicuous. Tongue small, pointed and free.

The first dorsal fin arises at a point vertical to a line between the bases of the pectoral and ventral fins, and is composed of thirteen long, slender, spinous rays, some authors say fourteen; the first is one inch long, the second nearly one-third longer, thence sub-equal to the eighth, where they rapidly subside to the

last one which is attached to the body by a broad black membrane.

The second dorsal has one short, simple sub-spinous ray and twenty-one articulated rays. Its insertion is half an inch behind the first dorsal; its anterior ray longest, thence gradually diminishing and ending half an inch posterior to the termination of the anal fin.

Pectoral somewhat pointed, 1.8 long, and composed of fourteen rays, the tip reaching beneath the eighth ray of the spinous dorsal fin.

Ventrals placed slightly behind the pectorals, and composed of one stout spine and five branched rays, its tips reach a point equidistant between its base and the vent. Caudal fin furcate, with numerous accessory rays.

Color: Yellowish olive above the lateral line, lighter on the sides and silvery beneath. Head and gill covers mottled with green, brownish and white; chin pale flesh color. Pupils dark and vitreous; irides mottled with black and yellowish spots; membrane of the spinous dorsal transparent with a few dark dashes, the upper part of the membrane tipped with black; posterior portions of the membrane, including the last two rays, black. The soft dorsal fin light yellowish, spotted with brown in such a manner as to form irregular longitudinal dusky bars. Pectoral fins yellowish olive with mottled brownish bars. Ventral fins transparent yellowish. Anal fin of the same color with a broad whitish margin. Caudal fin with irregular dusky bars.

Total length 14.5 to 28 inches. Greatest depth 3.2 to 8 inches. This is the common pike, pickerel, pickering, glass-eye and yellow pike of the great lakes and of most of the streams and inland lakes in the western parts of the United States. In Ohio it is called salmon. It is a true perch although its form and habits suggest very naturally the idea of a pike. I have, therefore, applied to it a name which indicates its true position and is a translation of its classical appellation. The pike-perch is exceedingly voracious. In the heat of the Summer it seeks the deepest parts of lakes or the stream in the coolest parts, concealed under weeds and grass.

Fishermen enumerate in our state (New York) three species. The blue pike, which I have seen and consider as an aged individual of the present species; the yellow pike just described, and the gray pike which I consider as specifically distinct.

Since the above was written the following note was received from Professor Nicholson:

The fish sold in the Knoxville market as the Jack may be described as: *Stizostedion boreus*, Girard-Lucio-perca *crisens* DeKay. The generic name was given by Rafinesque in 1823. Subsequently, 1829, Cuvier (Regn. Anim. 2d ed. 11) named it *Lucio-perca*. In obedience to the law of precedence the first name stands, though the other is a better name, since it indicates that union of pike and perch features which characterizes the genus.

DeKay (Nat. Hist. N. Y.) describes as *Lucio-perca griseus* or grey pike-perch, a fish which is so nearly identical with *stizostedion boreus* as described in Pacific R. R. Report, vol. x, p. 31, and figured P. 21, figs. 5-8, vol. xii, pt. 2d, that I think they are the same. The species is widely distributed, being found in New York, Nebraska and Tennessee, and is known as horn-fish, wall-eyed pike and Jack. *Stizostedion americana* is known here as salmon, the same name that it bears in some other markets. It is a very much superior fish to the Jack and differs from it in many particulars (as detailed by Dr. Boyd.) The *Americana* disappears about the middle of March, so the fishermen say, and returns about October. Query, where do they go? Dr. Baird S. F., says up the smaller streams. I do not think so.

In this connection we are permitted to print the following letter:

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

COL. G. F. AKERS.—Dear Sir:—Some weeks since your interest in the subject prompted you to ask some questions in relation to our Jack fish, and also to our so-called "salmon." It affords me pleasure to give you what of facts I have, and also to furnish you specimens of the two fishes, and carefully made descriptions by Prof. H. Nicholson.

You see a resemblance in their contour, and a close analogy in the descriptive points. They are and ought to be classified under the same generic name *Lucio-perca*. But the habits of the two fishes are very different, and deserve especial mention, and I think more study.

Besides the accurate descriptions of the two fishes by Prof. Nicholson, of the chair of Natural History of University of Tennessee, he has made a perfect drawing of the "Jack" which I enclose.

In his remarks he mentions some of the peculiarities of each, and I will further contrast them in the following:

GRAY PIKE PERCH "JACK" OF THE HOLSTON.

Stizostedion Rafinesque Lucio-perca griseus De Kay.

In color, very dark, almost black on back.

Rarely exceeds 28 inches in length. Weighs generally 5 to 8 pounds.

Often caught weighing less than 3½ pounds.

In our species, the last spine of the first dorsal is connected to the back in the female, but not in the male, and is not black.

More round and slender in shape.

Flesh darker and does not flake off so freely.

Is not so free from small bones.

Is not, therefore, a preferred fish in market.

Is caught in the Tennessee and Holston all year round.

Is never abundant.

Males often caught.

As stated, the salmon leaves our waters about the last of March, and is positively not again seen till in November. Where does it go? Is it anadromous?

Prof. Nicholson and myself made a careful comparison of the description by De Kay with our fish, and they accorded so minutely that I send you the descriptions copied from that work. But he says that "in the heat of Summer he seeks the deepest parts of lakes or in the streams in the coolest parts concealed under weeds and grass."

Prof. Baird also says that he goes into the smaller streams, tributary to our river, during the Summer.

This is, as Prof. N. declares, impossible, for in our clear waters in the Summer, so large and so excellent a fish would tempt parties to seek him.

He would make a fine target for spear and gun.

He is not in the waters of East Tennessee in the Summer at all. Even in Winter it is not seen in the small tributaries.

Does he go to the lower Tennessee, or to the sea?

A fish of so much power could make a rapid migration.

Can you not find means to determine this question?

A trustworthy and intelligent man at Cairo, at Memphis, at Vicksburg and at New Orleans, could, by noting times of coming and departure, reach the facts.

Is it possible, resembling closely, as they do, that the fish of De Kay may still be a different species from our own, strikingly alike in points, and yet differing in habits, as to migration?

The eggs of the "salmon" are of the glutinous kind, and therefore not so easily adapted to propagation. No attempt, so far as I know, has been made. No doubt it could be successfully done with the contrivances which art has devised. Left to natural increase, they sustain the immense draft made every year upon them by trap and trot-line fishing with no evident decrease in their numbers. But they will be thinned necessarily, in time, as they are so much sought after, and captured in such numbers.

Respectfully,

Jno. W. Boyd.

CLIMAX.

[Our coast fishes have been very thoroughly worked, but no *stizostedion* has ever been recorded from salt water. There are two species, more or less common to the tributaries of the Mississippi and the Great Lakes, and another in Canada. They occur in the Susquehanna, but not in many other rivers of the Atlantic slope. To call it a "salmon" is a gross misnomer, as the salmon is a soft-finned fish, and the type of a family which includes the trout, etc.—Ed.]

Report of the Iowa Commission.

The third biennial report of the Commissioners of Fisheries for the State of Iowa, for the years 1877-8 and 1878-9, tells us that during the period included in the above figures, there were 4,807,800 fish of different species distributed in the waters of the state, against 3,565,700 for the two previous years, an increase of 1,242,100; the tables which are annexed giving the numbers of each kind, from which we learn that in 1878 there were 619,000 lake trout fry distributed, and the following year 411,000 of the same.

Three rearing ponds have been made at the hatching house of about 25x30 feet each, or, rather, one pond 90x25 feet has been subdivided by plank partitions into three. Since the establishment of the commission there has been an increase in the number of private fish breeders, from two to thirty, an increase due in part to the encouragement and assistance of the commission.

A few fishermen along the Mississippi river, from erroneously conceived opinions of the facts, have made objections to that part of the work whereby fish were transferred from one locality to another. The places from which they were taken were such that the fish would have died in the Summer, mere sloughs which were stocked by the overflow of the river, and it is hard to see any reasonable ground for objection. Upon the other hand, the fishermen, or a portion of them, are working destruction to the fish, and, as a consequence, to their own interests. During the months of April, May and June, they catch very large quantities of percholds. They have studied their habits until they know their spawning haunts, and the peculiar labors of the fish at that time make them at easy prey. One market in Anamosa, nearly eighty miles from the river, sold 300 pounds of native fish per week during April and May, and parts of March and June. The members of the bass family in this lot contained not less than 5,000,000 eggs that were a total loss. Consider the number of markets supplied, from the same source at the same time, and you will have some idea of the terrible destruction caused by this untimely fishing. These fish left for two or three months, would have built nests, deposited their eggs, which they would have carefully guarded during hatching and infancy of the young fish, and thereby secured an increase of their numbers; after which they would have furnished the same or a greater amount of food, and in much better condition than during the spawning period.

The commissioner also calls attention to the need of more protective laws, and the better enforcement of those now on the books; also to the destruction of fish by the use of seines in taking quantities aggregating 20,000 to 100,000 pounds at a haul, quantities so great that they cannot be utilized, and consequently spoil and are wasted. The report truly says: "These temporary gains must be, to a regular fisherman, a permanent loss for future years, as well as to every other citizen who has any interest in the fertility of the river, or any pride in the resources of the state. Some plan to stop this wastefulness should be adopted."

We note the following error in the report; it says:

"A meeting, held in Chicago, October 1-3, of the commissioners and leading fish-culturists and dealers of the Western States, asks congress to legislate for the protection of fish in the great lakes and those streams that are jointly bounded by several states; also to take charge of and properly stock such waters. It is hoped that such action will be taken promptly as will secure these ends."

The fact is that a resolution was passed to the effect that the society should ask congress for such legislation, but nothing has been done since adjournment. Why no action has been taken is not our province to discuss. We merely state the fact.

Of the method of distribution of native fish, Mr. Shaw says:

"Millions of native fish die in sloughs along the Mississippi river every season when the water is low. The fish deposit their eggs in these sloughs in high water in the Spring. The young fish are hatched in due time; afterward the water recedes from the sloughs. They are cut off from the river and gradually dry up, and the young fish perish. The soft-rayed finned-fish die first, leaving the harder varieties, such as black, yellow, and striped bass, wall-eyed pike, crappies, sunfish, catfish, bullheads, drumfish, etc. To save a portion of these fish from certain destruction, and plant them in waters where they could live and thrive, has been one of the most cherished plans of the fish commission. To aid in the accomplishment of this purpose, I first saw the superintendents or general managers of the various railways running across the state from the Mississippi river, and procured their consent to assist in the work, by moving an aquarium car, giving us water from their water-tanks, stopping trains to distribute fish, etc., which necessary assistance they cheerfully gave free. Mr. Potter, general superintendent of the C. & B. & Q. R'y, kindly furnished a suitable car for the purpose, which in a proper time was arranged in a similar but more effective manner than the one described in a former report, that was used for the same purpose in the Fall of 1876. Arrangements were made with Captain T. G. Pelton, of Clinton, Iowa, for the use of his little steamer Dart, and a flat-boat or barge, and they were fitted up for the convenience of an effective crew of fishermen. These boats, a skiff, twelve live-boats for young fish, minnow nets, etc., constituted our outfit."

By this means many fish were saved from drying up in the sloughs, and a life of usefulness opened to them at a very moderate cost. The catch was 164½ bushels; estimated at 20,000 to the bushel! The fish were black bass, striped bass, wall-eyed pike, crappies, sun-fish, perch, drum-fish, channel cat-fish, etc.

Of shad the report says: "By corresponding with S. F. Baird, United Fish Commissioner, I learned that the United States Commissioner would furnish our state with shad during the season of 1878. I received a telegram from Hon. J. Milner, Deputy United States Commissioner in charge of shad-hatching, to come for them. I accordingly left Anamosa for the United States shad-hatching station near Havre de Grace, on Monday, May 27, 1878. There I procured 100,000 shad. These were safely transferred to Iowa waters, and planted on June 11-12, as follows: 40,000 in Cedar river at Cedar Rapids, 40,000 in the Des Moines river at Moline, and 20,000 in the Boyer river.

Shad have been caught in the Ohio for the past two years, weighing from two and one-half to four pounds. They evidently came from young shad planted at Salamanca in the year 1872. This being the case I can see no good reason why those planted in Iowa, in 1874, 1875, and 1878, should not prove alike a success in due time."

Since the last report 281,500 quinnat salmon have been distributed within the borders of the state, and, in referring to the fact that during the past season full-grown salmon have been taken in the Potomac, Delaware, Hudson, Saranac, Connecticut, Farmington, Mill, and Genesee rivers where they had been planted six years before. Mr. Shaw explains: "The fact that it has been a preconceived opinion that salmon returned in three years to their rivers, and that they had not been caught in the tributaries of the Mississippi, has been thought discouraging; but in view of the facts that salmon were caught in all the above streams six years after planting, and not before, gives an entirely different view of the matter. As the first salmon planted in Iowa were planted by Mr. Haines, in the Cedar river, Dec. 5, 1874, we need not expect their return according to the experience above-named before the season of 1880 or 1881. Until the success or failure of this work is ascertained, it would not be policy

to do much more with salmon, as sufficient has already been done to give it a fair test."

Some few eggs of the land-locked salmon were obtained in 1878, and 15,000 fry distributed; also 110,000 eggs of brook trout, some of which are now on hand for breeders.

We regret that having considered the advisability of introducing the smelt, it has been deferred until other states experiment with it.

New Hampshire has experimented, and they thrive, and there is no doubt of their value to the cool lakes of Iowa and Minnesota. The carp will probably be introduced this season. The report closes with several letters attesting the growth of fish, especially the "rainbow trout," *Salmo irideus*, of California.

Why the Trout Blazed in the Pan.

"Speaking of fish," said the man at the head of the table, "did you ever hear about Dr. Crosby's famous Minnesota trout? No. Well, the story isn't a bad one. Shall I tell it?"

"Hold on there," from one of the boarders. "Let this thing be started right. What Dr. Crosby do you mean—the preacher?"

"Certainly. There is only one Dr. Crosby of any note in New York. Well, the story is a fact, gentlemen; every word as true as the gospel that Dr. Crosby preaches to his respectable congregation. There's no need to say that the Doctor is not a sporting man; everybody knows that; in fact, he leans toward Puritanism rather than worldly ways. But there's one kind of sport that he does like, and that is trout fishing. Most preachers like to go off fishing once in a while. Perhaps it runs in the cloth. The first preachers, you know, were fishermen, and—"

"Oh, come, give us the story, not a sermon."

"All right. Well, one day when Dr. Crosby got home after a busy morning he found in his study an odd looking box that had been left by an expressman during his absence. There was nothing on it to tell where it came from or what it contained, and after examining it carefully the Doctor decided to put it away till he should hear something about it. 'Who knows,' he said, 'but it may be some sort of an infernal machine!' It is best to be on the safe side. So he put the box away in a case that he locked securely, so that no member of his household should have a chance to meddle with the mystery, and perhaps be blown all to pieces."

"It remained locked up a week, and not a word came to throw light on the contents of that box. The Doctor's curiosity became greater every day, and at last he decided to run the risk of opening the box and finding out what was in it. Getting a hammer and chisel, he pried up the lid and peeped inside. Nothing dangerous looking there. The box was simply a covering for another box, made of tin, and sealed all around the seams. The covering was soon off, and the tin box then underwent an examination. It was about a foot and a half long, and some eight inches wide, and a small label marked 'trout' met the Doctor's eyes. Pshaw, it was only a trout, after all, or perhaps a dozen trout. Some friend had sent him a present, and here he had been agitating his nerves about some mysterious and diabolical contrivance to murder him."

"The tin box was opened in a minute, and the Doctor feasted his eyes on the loveliest trout he had ever seen. It was a three-pounder, at least, and not the slightest suggestion of age about it. It was perfectly marvelous how that trout remained so fresh, but fresh it was, any way, so far as appearances went, and looking as though it hadn't been out of the water an hour."

"The trout was sent to the cook with orders to broil it for dinner. The cook proceeded to obey orders, and pretty soon began to think the trout was a queer fish. The moment she put it on the broiler it became enveloped in a blaze. She whipped it off, threw some water on it, and tried again. Another blaze, off again; some more water, back on the broiler, and blazing away once more. 'What the devil's the matter with the craythur, any way?' said the cook; 'sure it isn't a fish at all, but something bad.' After half a dozen attempts to broil the trout according to orders, and each one producing a blue flame that threatened to make work for firemen, the cook decided to broil the fish instead of broiling it. This worked all right, and in an hour the dinner was served with the big trout occupying the place of honor on the table. Dr. Crosby could not fail to notice that the fish had been broiled instead of broiled, and when the cook explained that it persisted in blazing away every time she had put it on the fire he was satisfied, though he thought the circumstance rather strange."

"Grace was said—the Doctor always makes it a point to say grace before meals—and the dinner began. Portions of the fine trout were served around, and the Doctor himself was the first to begin eating. The taste of the trout did not seem to please him. His amazement, his surprise, was instantly visible in the expression of his eyes, not to speak of a very singular one around his mouth. Other members of the family followed, and they, too, seemed to have something on their minds. 'My dear,' said the Doctor to his excellent wife, 'this trout seems to have a singular taste.' 'Very singular indeed,' was the response, while 'Oh, my! what a queer fish! Oh, the dreadful thing!' echoed around the table. Something was the matter with the trout, certainly. It was not spoiled, but it was decidedly stale, and the flavor of it was so odd. 'Take it away,' said the Doctor 'we'll make out a dinner without it. I really can't imagine what sort of water that trout was caught in.'"

"The fish was put away and the dinner went on, but before it was over the postman called and left some letters. These were handed to the Doctor at the table, and he opened the first and began to read. Pretty soon he began to smile, and it was not long before the smile broke into a laugh that made him shake in his chair. He laughed and laughed, and seemed unable to stop, and when his wife asked him what amused him so much, he just managed to say, 'Oh, dear, that fish,' and went off again. After ten minutes or so, he was able to control himself sufficiently to explain. The letter was from a man in Minnesota, who said the Doctor had once done him a kindness which he had not forgotten. He had been wishing a long time to be able to show his gratitude, and it had finally occurred to him to send the Doctor a good specimen of Minnesota trout, knowing, as he did, the Doctor's fondness for the *Salmo fontinalis*. This particular trout, he went on to say, was one of the finest ever caught in Minnesota, and it had been preserved in alcohol for three years. Regretting that he could not send something more worthy, but believing that the Doctor would appreciate the trout, he remained, etc. That's the story of Dr. Crosby's Minnesota trout. It was too good to be kept in the family, so it got out among the Doctor's friends and they still tell it with a relish. He was presented some time afterward with a piece of tableware, ornamented with selections from natural history, and among other things the figure of a fish. To the fish was tacked a ticket inscribed: 'This is not a Minnesota trout.'—Detroit Free Press."

Fish in Morocco.

The inhabitants of the seaports are large consumers of fish, of which first in the scale of merit ranks the *shabbel*—christened the Barbary salmon—a species of shad which, in flavor, is incomparably superior, *crede experto*, to the vaunted shad of the Schuylkill. Next come sardines, which, when fresh from the sea, fried in

olive oil, with a dash of lemon, may vie with Greenwich white-bait, or the bocconcini of Malaga. Red mullet—"the woodcock of submarine plantations"—(though outraged by native cooks, who, miserable heathens! reject its su lime liver, and never dream of envelope of oiled paper,) and the delicate silvery "Father Abraham"—in size a herring, in savor a poem—claim honorable mention. Huge thunnies, ponderous rock-cod, light pink "snappers," scaling up to a dozen pounds, weightier and rozier "stump-noses," sapphire gurnards, bass, gray and black bream, gray mullet, herrings, mackerel, anchovies, turbot, and soles abound at certain seasons in various fishing all along the coast, together with a score of other kinds—some brilliantly striped or spotted—of which I may remark, in the words of Sir Rupert the Fearless:

"Their figures and forms to describe, language fails—
They've such very odd heads and such very odd tails—
Of their genus and species a sample to gain
You would ransack all Billingsgate Market in vain."

Such, for instance, are the *tasarguit* and *irgal*—caught in large quantities in the Bay of Agadir, at the southern limits of Morocco—which, baked, dried or salted, are in great demand among the Moors of the interior and the Palm people of the Sahara, who account kippered fish a sovereign specific for a surfeit of fruit. Turtle are also plentiful, it is said, at Agadir, where the natives have not discovered the galupiousness of calipash and calipee:

"Why, nature, waste thy wonders on such men?"

Even the lobster, sacred to the mayonnaise; the cray-fish, which glorifies the bisque; the shrimp, the prawn (commend me to thy curry, O prawn!), the mussel, which embellishes the Normandy Matelote—yes, by St. Dando! even the oyster—serve more often to bait the lines of Moorish fishermen than to grace Moorish gastronomy, while to the native Jew such luxuries are utterly tabooed. But the Moors eat slimy octopods—which are also bought by stewards of the Franco-Moorish steamers, for their cabin tables—and the greasy conger and murena are by no means despised by the natives, who, "*O dura Maurorum ilia!*" cut the eels into fillets, which are soaked in a sort of pickle (composed of pounded cinnamon, nutmegs, garlic, parsley-seed, and chilies), then fried in oil, and eaten with the pickle by way of sauce; lo, the Moorish marinade! Skates, sting-rays, dog-fish, gar-fish, barnacles, sea-urchins, and cuttle-fish (esteemed a dainty by Spanish residents in some of the coast towns) are also eaten by the poorest Moors. As to the fresh-water fish, "they may offer many objects of interest to the ichthyologist, but do not seem likely to add much to the resources of the cook."—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

Propagating Smelts.

VISIT TO THE HACKENSACK RIVER—NUMBER OF EGGS IN A SMELT.

On Monday a party of gentlemen interested in fish-culture—among them were Mr. F. Mather, of the U. S. Fish Commission, and Mr. H. D. McGovern, of Brooklyn—went to the Hackensack River, Cherry Hill Station, N. J., to witness the operations used in propagating the smelt. Mr. George Ricardo, one of the fish-wardens of the river, appreciating the excellence of the Hackensack smelt, and its superiority in flavor and delicacy over those caught in other waters, conceived, some four years ago, the idea of propagating the smelt. In 1876 the catch of fish in the river was small, for in the neighborhood of Cherry Hill Station a few pounds represented the whole yield. Having arranged apparatus of the simplest character adapted to fertilizing the eggs of the smelt, Mr. Ricardo has succeeded, in time, in quite restocking the river. In fact, where a few fish were caught some years ago, now very good catches are made. The stocking of the river with smelts rests upon that same general law which governs all fish-culture. When the smelt is gravid she ascends the stream where she was born to deposit her eggs, which are to be fertilized by the male fish. The fish being caught in a fyke-net, some 25 pounds of fish, or 750 fish—for the Hackensack smelts, like the Raritan or Passaic fish, are quite small—are put in a box which has holes perforated in it, which receptacle has a quantity of pine brush thrown into it. The box is hauled into the stream, where it floats, the fish keeping alive, and the fish deposit their eggs there. The eggs of the smelt, being glutinous, adhere to the branches. After a certain time, 24 to 36 hours, these branches with their clusters of eggs are put back into the stream, when they sink, and when the fish are hatched they take care of themselves. The fish after they have spawned in the box are marketed. As the *Osmerus mordax* is a very tender fish, it could not stand the ordinary stripping practice as is employed for trout. A net was brought to the surface during the visit, and some 40 pounds of this delicate fish were brought on shore. On landing the fish, that marked cucumber smell, which is a peculiarity of the smelt, was quite noticeable. The fish were all ripe, and the meshes of the fyke net were covered with spawn. The number of eggs in a ripe fish, according to Mr. Ferguson, the Maryland Fish Commissioner, is some 50,000. Accurate measurements of the eggs were made on the spot by Mr. Mather, who found that the unimpregnated egg was one-thirtieth of an inch in diameter, while the impregnated was one-twenty-fifth of an inch. A series of very careful researches on the embryology of the egg of the smelt are due to Prof. Rice, of the Hopkins University. This season the spawning of the smelt in the Hackensack has commenced some 15 days earlier than in 1879. At this same point last year, Mr. A. A. Anderson, assistant of the New Jersey Fish Commission, was engaged in stocking the river. This case of work in fish-culture on this river is exceptional, but excellent of its kind, and it shows how, at a very small expense and without any loss of fish, a stock of fish in a river can be kept up. In the same way, Mr. Ricardo has been propagating shad in the Hackensack with equally good results. Mr. McGovern, representing E. G. Blackford, the New York State Fish Commissioner, was studying the process, with the idea of stocking the numerous streams on Long Island with this very good fish. It may be mentioned that smelt, though an anadromous fish, can become landlocked, the New Hampshire Commissioner having successfully stocked some of their fresh-water lakes with the smelt.—New York Times.

The Candle Fish.

The eulachon, *Thaleichthys pacificus*, is so fat that it is dried and burned as a candle by the Indians on the northwest coast of North America, from British Columbia northward, and hence it is also known as the candle fish. It is one of the salmonidae, much resembling the smelt of the eastern coast in its general appearance, having, however, a longer anal fin composed of twenty or more rays while the corresponding fin on the smelt has but fifteen, and other differences readily distinguishable by the naturalist. The eulachon seldom exceeds fifteen inches in length and is the fattest of all fishes. It can be burned, when dried, by lighting it at the tail, but as a rule when prepared for this use by the Indians a wick of some fibrous material, wood usually, is passed through the fish before drying. They are also dried and smoked for food, the extreme cold of that climate rendering the fattest things most acceptable, and they are often eaten by the few civilized men who penetrate that country but are a trifle too much for a discriminating palate. They were formerly quite

plenty as far south as Puget's Sound but are now an uncertain visitor to that locality. The oil is often tried out of these fish and made to do duty as lard and butter. They come in from sea to the spawning grounds in March, and their advent is hailed with joy by the Indians who take them in great numbers and store them away for use throughout the year.

Girard says of the eulachon: "They cannot be considered as occurring in large numbers south or east of the southern end of Vancouver's Island. Further northward they are constantly abundant. The Haida, Stikene and Chumtseyan Indians living along the coasts of British and Russian America, bring vast quantities of these fish with them when visiting the white settlements on Puget's Sound. The fish thus brought are for the consumption of the strangers during their stay, and have been simply dried without salt, and for convenience in drying or transportation have been strung on sharp, pliable sticks which are passed through their heads. When eaten after being thus prepared they should be either steamed or boiled. When thus cooked they are very palatable." Our informant, who has spent some time in that country and is a fair judge of what is good eating, differs from Girard in his estimate of their edibility, or rather their gustatory qualities. He writes: "An Indian relishes them, and the Indians here relish anything, even to decaying fish and whale blubber, but they are too strong for my stomach which is a very good one."

The Fishery Exhibition.

The International Fishery Exhibition which opens on the 20th of next month is assuming great proportions, and the part which the United States will play in it promises to be far beyond all previous conception formed of its possibilities, not only in the amount of material which will be displayed but also in the methods employed in the investigations and the minute and careful research which has been conducted in reference to our sea fisheries (which is really the object for which the commission was created) by Professor Baird and his corps of trained assistants.

Had these researches been as thoroughly made ten years ago the country would have been saved five and a half million dollars, the amount of the Halifax award, and there is no doubt of the fact that when the fisheries question comes up again the United States will be able to show just what our fisheries are worth.

It is too soon to attempt to give a list of what will be shown at Berlin but it is sufficient to say that it includes everything that relates to fish, their capture, marketing, curing, products made from them, boats and nets, their culture, transportation, literature, etc., and each department is in charge of an expert who has been specially selected for the duties. The whole is in charge of Professor G. Brown Goode, deputy commissioner, with the following staff:

Mr. Fred. Mather in charge of fish-culture with instructions to report on the progress and present state of the art in Europe; Mr. F. W. True in charge of the arrangements of exhibits.

Mr. J. E. Rockwell, stenographer and secretary, and Mr. Joseph Palmer, taxidermist, in charge of the plaster casts.

Capt. Joseph W. Collins, a typical Massachusetts fisherman, who will explain our modes and report on all methods and implements in use in Europe.

The party will sail in the North German Lloyd steamer "Neckar" on Saturday, March 20, at 2 p. m., from the Bremen Pier, Hoboken.

The report which will be made to Congress of this exhibition promises to be of the most valuable character, and its preparation will involve the entire time of Prof. Goode and his staff while absent, for the time is short in which they can gather their material, and consequently theirs is no holiday trip but one of thorough investigation and a patient digging for facts which necessitates much work.

Trout Fishing through the Ice.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

I was stopping at the Riverside Hotel, in Black River Falls, Wis., the early part of last week, and on sitting down to breakfast was surprised at being served with an elegant dish of broiled brook trout. I inquired eagerly where they were obtained at this season of the year, and was informed by Mr. Lake, the genial host, that they were caught in a small creek only a mile from town, and that large numbers of them were being taken every day when the weather was at all mild.

This chanced to be a clear, mild day, and we at once planned a trip to the creek to make a personal investigation of the matter.

Accordingly Mr. Lake hitched his span of Indian ponies to his buggy and we drove out to the creek. It has been dammed at two places about a mile apart for the purpose of securing mill power. I also understand that it has frequently been dammed at other points by fishermen who have been there, because on those occasions the fish wouldn't bite.

The mill ponds formed by the dams first mentioned are each half a mile long, and are covered with ice about a foot thick. At the upper pond there were perhaps fifteen or twenty men and boys, and several ladies, fishing, and nearly all were meeting with moderate success. Each person had three to five holes cut in the ice a short distance apart, and a hook "set" in each.

The bait most used is the white grub, which is found by peeling the bark from pine logs, though some prefer the eyes of the fish they catch.

At nearly every one of these holes a number of the "speckled beauties" (no account of a trout fishing experience would be complete without the introduction of this term) were to be seen laying in irregular piles. Some of the more fortunate persons were catching large numbers. One boy caught eighteen in one hole in less than ten minutes.

Of course all this is in open violation of state law, and yet no secret is made of it and no attempt made to prevent it.

Some of these people sell the trout they catch and keep the local market supplied nearly all winter.

Mr. L. informs me that several streams within easy distance of Black River Falls furnish excellent trouting in season, and mentioned several very large scores that had been made by sportsmen who had visited them. COQUINA.

Notes.

The salmon of the Pacific coast are quite different in structure, not only from the Atlantic salmon, but also differ among themselves. The quinnat, or "common salmon," having round ribs, while those of the "steel heads" (*Oncorhynchus keta*) are flat. We think the CHICAGO FIELD the first to record this fact.

TROUT EGGS FERTILIZED WITH UNRIPE MILK.—Mr. H. D. McGovern, of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Fishery, recently took 900 eggs from a trout and having no ripe male killed one and chopped up the thick unripe milk, used it, and obtained a fair percentage of impregnation.

THE CHICAGO FIELD \$4 a year; \$3 for six months; \$1 for three months. Three copies one year \$6.

Kennel.

Kennel Fixtures for 1880.

BENCH SHOWS.

Westminster Kennel Club's Fourth Annual Show, Gilmore's Garden New York, April 27, 28 and 29. Entries close April 12. Charles Lincoln, superintendent.

St. Louis Kennel Club, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 5, 6, 7 and 8.

FIELD TRIALS.

English Kennel Club Field Trials, first week in May, 1880.

Eastern Field Trials Club's Second Annual Trials, Robins Island, Peconic Bay, L. I., Nov. 16, 1880.

National American Kennel Club's Second Annual Field Trials, third week in November, 1880.

THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF THE DOG.

BY VERO SHAW, B. A., CANTAB. ASSISTED BY THE LEADING BREEDERS OF THE DAY.

(Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., Publishers.)

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

The Landseer Newfoundland.

Another class of dog, which its admirers stoutly pronounce to be a pure-bred Newfoundland, is the large black-and-white dog so often seen in this country. Opinions differ very considerably, however, regarding the merits of this dog's claim to be Newfoundland, and the best-informed authorities with whom we have an opportunity of discussing the subject are unanimous in pronouncing the species to have been originally a splendid mongrel, possessing in its structure many prominent Newfoundland points, but deficient in some important characteristics of the pure breed.

The painting by the late Sir Edwin Landseer of "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," though magnificent as a work of art, has undoubtedly done much to—if we may use the term—corrupt the public mind upon the subject of the Newfoundland. A vast number of people, without troubling themselves to inquire into the matter, have associated the black-and-white dog with the correct type of the Newfoundland, utterly regardless of the fact that Sir Edwin may have selected this color as brighter and more suitable for the object he had in view.

How this large black-and-white dog, or Landseer Newfoundland as it is now termed, ever came into existence is hard to explain, but it is impossible to doubt for an instant that it partakes largely of the character of the pure-bred Newfoundland. It is certainly true that in the island of Newfoundland itself many black-and-white dogs are to be found, but they apparently have no stronger claims to be considered pure Newfoundlands than any large-sized mongrel in this country has to be styled a mastiff. Admirers of the black-and-white dog endeavor to believe that the color of a Newfoundland is immaterial, and hence that their favorites are of the same variety as the black, but in doing so they neglect to notice several other points of distinction between the two breeds. In the first place, the head of the Newfoundland generally is larger and more solid than that of his part-colored relation, whilst the latter is slacker in his loins, and the tendency to curl in his coat is more frequent. Of course, in some instances magnificent specimens of the black-and-white dog—such as Mr. Evans' Dick—have been shown, and these can compare in almost every respect most favorably with the black variety. In many cases, however, they would, possibly on account of the prejudice which exists against their color, stand but little chance of success in open competition, so the committees of some leading shows have instituted a class for Newfoundlands other than black, which we venture to predict will soon be largely patronized.

As a companion this dog is highly appreciated, and his markings certainly render him handsomer than the black dog; whilst for utility, devotion to his master, and gentleness of disposition, he is not inferior to the variety from whence he undoubtedly sprang.

By far the best specimen of the Landseer Newfoundland we are acquainted with is Mr. Evans' Dick, above mentioned, who has won prizes at every show where there has been a class for dogs of this breed. He is by Vase Neptune by Evans' Nell, and was bred by his owner in 1871. In 1876 he won first at the Crystal Palace under the name of Castro, and first and cup at Maldstone under the name of Dick. In 1877 he won first at the Alexandra Palace and Agricultural Hall, and in 1878 again first at the Alexandra Palace. His weight is 189 pounds, and his measurements are as follows: Length of nose to stop, 5 inches; length stop to occiput, 7 inches; length of back, 30½ inches; round muzzle in front of eyes, 14½ inches; round skull, 24½ inches; round neck, 24 inches; round brisket in front of forearms, 41 inches; round chest behind forearms, 41 inches; girth of loins, 31½ inches; girth of hind leg at stifle, 20½ inches; girth of arm 3 inches below elbow, 10½ inches; girth of forearm, 8½ inches; girth of pastern, 5½ inches; height at shoulders, 30½ inches; height at elbows, 15½ inches; height at loins, 28½ inches; height at hock, 7½ inches; length of tail, 23 inches.

The standard and scale of points for judging this variety are the same as in the Newfoundland, due attention, of course, being made for the beauty and regularity of the markings.

CHAPTER IX.

The Sheep-Dog.

The sheep-dog holds a very high place among our domestic dogs, to which his great usefulness and high intelligence fully entitle him. He has also had the honor of being considered

by no less an authority than the great naturalist Buffon the origin of all our other varieties of dogs. Although this opinion of Buffon's is not now accepted by many, it is not without considerable show of reason, for none of our domestic varieties approach so near in form to the wild dog of India and Australia, and the more closely-allied species of the Canids. This is, of course, much more marked in the rough working dogs, although these are not so handsome in the eyes of show-dog men. The latter, as a rule, know little practically of the work required from collies in moorland districts, and prefer a glossy thin-coated dog that a Scotch mist would drench to the skin in half an hour, to the rough tyke that wears a coarse coat of wet-resisting hair, with its under-jacket as close and thick as the wool on the sheep he tends. These are the dogs that are light and snappy in build, with long neck and head, ears certain to be more or less pricked, the belly a bit tucked up, and the hind-quarters sloping back to the well-let-down and sickle-shaped hocks, indicative of speed, and with a general outline, as his lithe frame and shaggy coat are seen looming through the mist, not at all unlike that of the wolf.

Speculation on the origin of this dog, as of most other breeds, is, however, fruitless. We can only say that second to dogs used in the chase—as we must suppose man to have hunted wild animals for food before he advanced so far on the road to civilization as to keep flocks and herds—the sheep-dog must have been one of the earliest to come under man's dominion, and form part of his home stock. Consequently we find in the history of Job the following direct allusion to the sheep-dog: "But now they who are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to set with the dogs of my flock." This is, however, no proof that our sheep-dogs are allied to or at all resemble the dogs that Job and his contemporary flock-masters owned. In countries where the wolf is common and the lion not unknown, their penchant for mutton had to be guarded against, and for such use it is probable that a more powerful and fiercer dog was employed than our modern collie. Indeed, this is the case at the present day; and in Tibet the large rough black-and-tan mastiffs of the country are used to guard the flocks and herds. At the Paris exhibition of dogs, 1878, a prize was awarded to a dog used in the Pyrenees district as unlike our breed of sheep-dogs as it is possible to conceive. It was coarse, ungainly,

smooth are mated, the result being pups of each kind and intermediate, the first consideration with the shepherd being to produce a useful and intelligent dog, that will take naturally to his work and be easily rendered amenable to discipline. With this view the sire selected is always one known to be clever, considerations of outward appearance being made greatly subservient to that. We would not, however, be understood to say that the Scotch shepherd is heedless of the good appearance of his dog; he has generally an eye for a "bonny dowie," and if he can add that Glen or Rover is "as guid as he's bonny," depend upon it he is proud of his dog, and there is a friendship between them which money will not part.

There exists a difference of opinion as to the relative merits of the rough and smooth for hill work. Very heavily-coated dogs, such as are demanded for exhibition purposes, would soon lose a portion of their jacket in rough work; and for Winter a long-haired dog has the disadvantage that in traveling through snow it attaches to his coat in constantly-increasing lumps, which heavily handicap him. This the smooth-coated dog escapes, and although the rough dog would appear the better protected against the cold, the smooth does not suffer much in that respect, nature supplying him with an increased jacket as the Winter approaches.

Collies, like other dogs, differ individually in temperament, but it is not too much to say that most of them are shy, reserved, and sometimes dangerous to strangers. Indeed, we have personally known not a few that not only would permit no liberties to be taken with them, but were of a treacherous disposition, sneaking round and snapping without warning; especially suspicious are they of strangers approaching their homes, and no more alert watch-dog exists than the collie. They are, however, always amenable to the voice of their master, and under his command, and to those in whom they once place confidence they are for ever faithful. There is no breed of dog with such a wise look as the collie; the heavy responsibilities that rest on him give him a sedate and sonse or taking look, and his whole appearance is so engaging that it is no wonder he is such a general favorite with the public and especially with ladies.

No better description in such few words has ever been written of the collie than that given by the poet Burns, which we quote, premising, for the benefit of those readers who do not under-

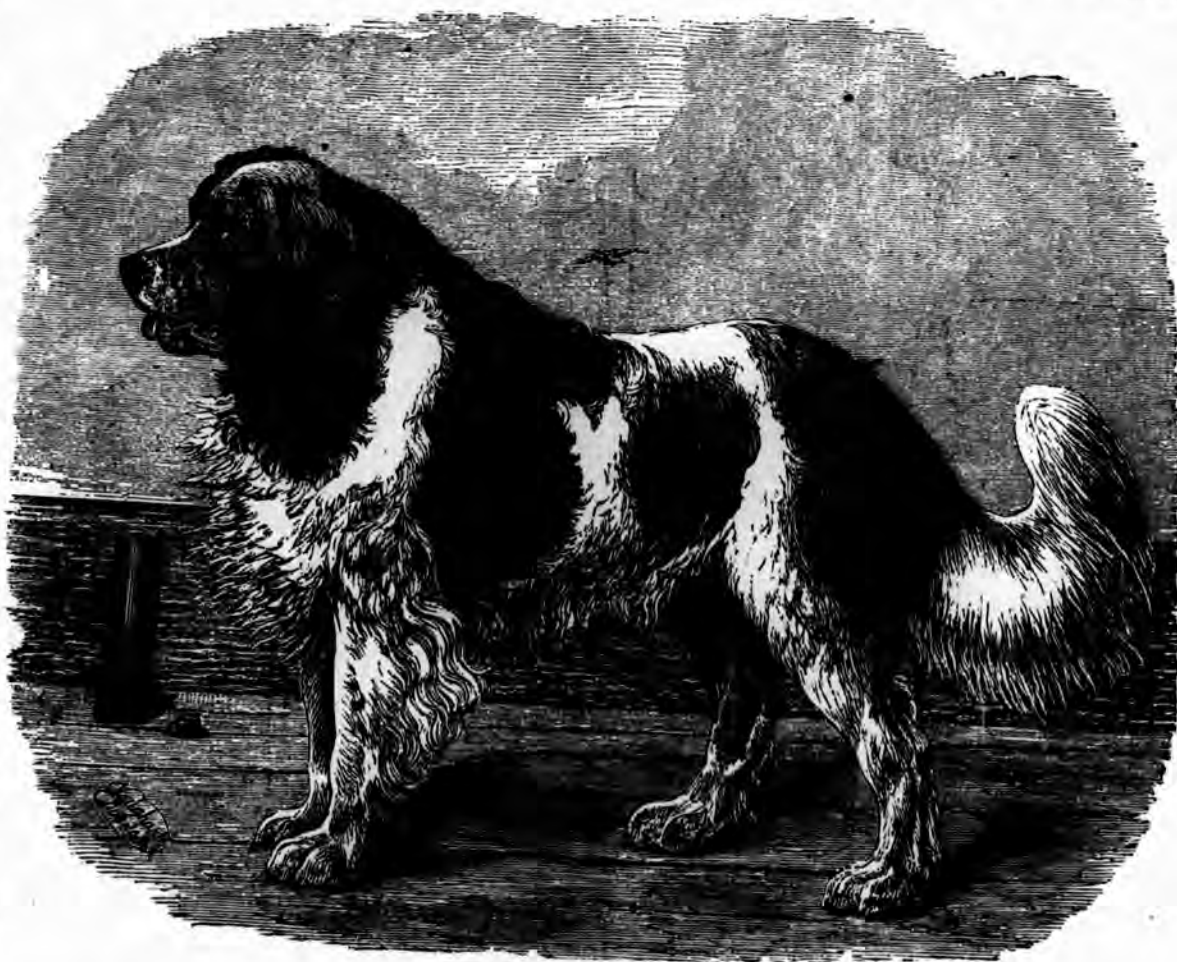
stand the Scottish dialect, that "gash" means wise; "sheugh" is a ditch, "sonsie" means engaging; "baws'nt," marked with a streak of white like a badger; "toulzie," shaggy; and "gaucle," large and flowing.

"He was a gash and faithfu' tyke
As ever lap a sheugh or di'e.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt
face,
Aye gat him friends in ilka
place.
His breast was white, his toulzie
back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glosy
black;
His gaucle tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung ower his hurdies wi' a
swirl."

Unfortunately, owing either to carelessness on the side of the breeders, or a desire on their part to render the dogs they breed for sale, not for work, the services of the black-and-tan Gordon setter have been called into requisition in many cases. The result, as might have been anticipated, has been to gain a possible increase of beauty in coloring and coat at the cost of a decided loss in that intelligence which so clearly is the characteristic of a sheep-dog pure and simple. Traces of this decided deterioration can be plainly seen in many of the show-dogs now on the bench; and those who really know what a collie is, are horrified when they see a southern county judge, who cannot be expected to know more of the breed than what he has picked up at dog shows, giving first prize to a dog with a setter's head, second to one with legs feathered down to his feet, and third to a specimen without the slightest under-coat to enable him to resist the rain, when there are

present in the class unnoticed dogs possessed of genuine collie properties. Such eccentricities of genius so often occur that it is a matter of small surprise that the breed, fashionable as it is, should be so thoroughly misunderstood. The injury to the real sheep-dog, too, is very great; for persons who are ignorant of what a collie should be, and think they are purchasing one when they pay a long figure for a second-rate Gordon setter, get disgusted when they discover their purchase's lack of intelligence, and give up the breed to try their fortunes with another. Only a short time back we were requested by a friend to call and see a "magnificent collie" he had recently "picked up" in a town not a hundred miles from Bristol; we did so, and although he was unfortunately not at home, his wife was in, and would be glad to see us. She was accompanied into the room by a black-and-tan rough-coated dog, of which we took no particular notice at first, but after a few minutes' conversation, expressed a wish to see the new purchase, when to our horror we were informed that the setter mongrel before us was the animal upon whose merits we were expected to pass a favorable opinion. At last the reason for the purchase came out: the dog had been placed first at a show by a well-known judge—who should have known better—and our friend, in consequence, in his ignorance, was persuaded into giving £20 for a wretch not worth as many shillings as a collie. Indignation followed the expression of our opinion, and fortune was tempted a second time at a show, on this occasion under a late lamented judge who knew his work. "Tak yon brute out," was the only notice taken of the "magnificent" creature, who, on his return home, was promptly given away, the fortunate recipient being the local postman, in whose hands he is likely to remain until a keeper's bullet—the dog is an inveterate poacher—puts an end to his existence. We should not have inflicted this narrative upon our readers but that it tends to prove to those ignorant of dog-show judging, that because a dog wins a first prize he is at all of necessity a good one.

We are fortunate enough to be enabled to lay before our readers the opinions of two gentlemen who are in our judgment, and in that of many others also, without a doubt two of the best collie judges now living—we allude to Mr. S. E. Shirley, M.P., and Mr. W. W. Thomson of Morden, Surrey. Both these gentle-



THE LANDSEER NEWFOUNDLAND "DICK."

slow, with a long matted coat, which on a Scotch mountain in the Winter, with its snows and alternating frosts and thaws, would get so clogged with balls of snow that the dog would not be able to move with the alacrity necessary to get round a flock of black-faced sheep. Moreover, it would soon so tire him that he would be practically useless for hard work.

Well-authenticated stories relating to the sagacity of the sheep-dog—or collie, as the breed is styled in the North—would occupy a larger space than is at our disposal to bestow; but all who are best acquainted with him unite in attributing to a well-trained sheep-dog almost human intelligence. The narratives which have appeared in so many publications, and which tell of his wonderful devotion to his master cannot, too, be disbelieved by those who have had so many opportunities as we ourselves have encountered, of seeing the obedience with which he regards not only the voice, but even the slightest gesture, of his owner when they are at work together upon the hills. Doubtless the fact of his collie having been the almost inseparable companion of his daily existence since it was old enough to accompany him about, has tended to increase the natural intelligence of the shepherd's dog to a very great extent; but still there must have been a very superior instinct born in the dog to enable him to, as it were, anticipate his master's wishes and act accordingly.

There has been an attempt made by one or two writers in *The Live Stock Journal*—which devotes no inconsiderable portion of its pages to canine matters—to designate this dog the Highland Collie; but there was an utter absence of any reasoning in justification of claiming for the Highlands of Scotland the honor of being the peculiar home of the collie. We are rather disposed to think that the pastoral dales of the Lowlands of Scotland and the North of England have had more to do with breeding the dog to his present high state of perfection as a shepherd than the North Highlands, where the more peaceful occupation of stock-farming did not so early take the place of petty warfare and the chase, which formed the chief employment. We may here observe that the system of breeding these dogs by shepherds has been altogether independent of consideration of pedigree, which, no doubt, has given rise to the very considerable diversity of color and coat which we find among true-bred collies. Rough and

men are well known everywhere as breeders, and the successes of their kennels on the bench are accomplished facts. Before, however, giving their opinions, we wish to warn intending purchasers against investing in a dog which is marked by deep or mahogany-colored tan. This is an almost certain indication of setter taint, the tan of a true collie being of a very pale shade. According to the opinion of Mr. Shirley:

"The *Head* of a collie should be long and narrow; ears set high on the head, not drooping like a fox-terrier's, but semi-erect, and in the case of a good specimen as small as possible.

"*Mouth* should be level. Unlevelness need not absolutely disqualify, though it must tend greatly against a dog, as an over-shot mouth not only conveys a false idea of the length of a dog's head, but prevents him holding a sheep properly if required to do so." (This malformation is, according to Mr. Shirley's experience, far from uncommon in collies.)

"*Coat* thick, but not woolly.

"*Color* should be for choice black and pale tan, black, tan, and white, or red with black points, though there are some good black specimens to be seen about." (Some six years ago, when in Ross-shire, Mr. Shirley came across a strain of excellent black sheep-dogs.)

"*General Symmetry* should be fairly light, a wide chest or heavy short neck being a bad defect, for one wants activity in a collie.

"The *Tail* is a matter of importance, for though it has been stated in works upon the dog that this may be carried on the back when the dog is excited, still it is a fault, and a serious one, when such is the case."

Mr. Thomson says:

"Collies are divided into roughs and smooths, the former generally carrying off the palm for beauty. As far as build, shape, and color are concerned the two are exactly alike, and one description will answer for both. They only differ in coat, the rough breed having a very thick, rough jacket, in fact, a double coat, the under one being seal-skin-like in both color and texture, while the other is coarse and hard. The smooth dog has a short coat, almost as close as a pointer's, but denser and harder; his legs are free of hair; except that on the hocks it is often longer and denser than on the body. The rough species carry a considerable amount of feather on the hocks, but from the hocks to the heels the legs should be quite clean. Down the back of the front legs there should also be plenty of feather, which in the working collie is very dense, whilst in the drawing-room pet constant brushing renders it soft and long, as in the setter. For working purposes one is equal to the other; in the North of England rough collies seem preferred, whilst with the Southern drovers the smooth variety appears to be the most popular, many drovers being of the opinion that the smooth stand more work than the rough-coated are capable of, the long jackets of the latter getting heavy with mud and wet, causing them to tire.

"As a thing of beauty the rough collie is favorite, especially with ladies, his long coat being more admired than the sober, business-like jacket of his confrere.

"The Scotch collie should be strongly built, but lithe and active, giving one the idea of great pace.

"*Shoulders* well set back, not loaded.

"*Chest* deep, with room for his lungs to play freely.

"*Back* broad and muscular.

"*Fore legs* strong and straight, but not heavy, and well under his body.

"*Hocks* good 'sickle-shaped,' and free of feather down to the heel.

"*Head* long and sharp, but not snipy in the muzzle, or domed in the skull.

"*Ears* small, and semi-erect.

"*Color* black and tan, black, white and tan, black and white sable, grey, etc.

"There is one strain of smooth collie which calls for particular attention, and that is the variety called sometimes the Welsh collie, and at others the Highland 'heeler.' In color this dog is a peculiar sort of greyish blue, to which the terms 'harlequin,' 'plum-pudding,' 'tortoise shell,' are all applied. He is usually found with one eye (sometimes both) 'wall-eyed,' or 'China-eyed,' which is a great additional attraction on the show bench, whilst there exists amongst many shepherds a belief that this sort of eye never loses its sight, which superstition, if it were true, would naturally greatly increase the value of a China-eyed dog in their eyes. A rough-coated dog of this color is very rare, by far the best shown of late years being Mr. Brackenbury's Scott."

On reading the above opinions it will be observed that, curiously enough, both Mr. Shirley and Mr. Thomson have omitted to make any allusion to the feet of a collie, which we consider one of the most essential points in the dog; they should be small and rather round.

It is also desirable further to describe the coat. The coat of a sheep-dog (whether the animal is of the rough or smooth variety) is a matter of considerable importance, for a dog with a thin, sparse jacket would be unable to do his work on the moors. Mr. Thomson in his remarks speaks of the double coat as the correct style, and this we fully endorse. The under coat should, as that gentleman alleges, resemble seal-skin, the damp-resisting properties of which ensure the dog being saved from the inclemency of the weather to a great extent. The longer or outer coat should be harsh and wear-resisting to the touch, not fine and thin, as in a setter. Dogs possessing the latter cross invariably suffer from the cold and rain. The smooth-coated dog only differs in that his outer coat is shorter, stiffer, and denser than in his long-haired companions, and thus the absence of length is compensated for by additional thickness.

Mr. Shirley has also given us a scale of points as he apportions them, which will be very useful as showing the precise value he attaches to one point in comparison with another.

SCALE OF POINTS FOR JUDGING COLLIE DOGS.

	Value.
Head.....	15
Ears.....	10
Coat.....	15
Chest.....	10
Shoulders.....	10
Loins.....	15
Feet.....	5
Legs.....	10
Color.....	5
Tail.....	5
Total.....	100

As regards the breeding of sheep-dogs, a well-known authority on the subject, who prefers to let his identity remain concealed, gives us the following hints, which, although briefly expressed, will be found of importance:

"Avoid mating flat or prick-eared collies, as the progeny is almost sure to come one or the other. An exception may be made to this rule when you know the ancestors to have been really good specimens of the breed; there is a very great chance of the puppies throwing back to them, and not inheriting their parents' faults. I am always reluctant to mate rough collies with smooth ones. Though you may do so, and get good puppies of each variety, you can never be certain of your expectations being realized when breeding from their progeny. Avoid heavy-headed, flat-eared collies. Though both are objectionable, I would rather breed from a good-headed prick-eared one than a good-headed flat-eared one. Under-coat I always have been, and always will be, a great stickler for; in fact, never breed from a dog with no under-coat, or an open top-coat.

"Color is, in my judgment, a minor consideration, provided the leading points—such as shape, coat, head, and ears—are right. Collies throw back in this respect in the most extraordinary way, and in one litter you often get three or four different colors."

With regard to the animals selected for illustration, the rough-coated specimen is Mr. Shirley's Hornpipe, bred by him in 1876, by Trefoli from Kit, by Malcolm, Trefoli by Twig, out of Bess, by Rattler. Her chief performances are: First Manchester, first Darlington, first Bristol, first Alexandra Palace, 1877; first

Loins and tail.....	5
Legs and feet.....	5
Color.....	5
Coat.....	10
General appearance.....	5
Total.....	50

THE BOB-TAILED SHEEP-DOG.

This variety has little in common with the collie dog as described above, and is a rare companion for people in the higher classes of society, as his homely and rugged exterior place his claims to aristocratic patronage beneath those of the ordinary collie. In appearance he is of a far stouter and coarser build than his cousins, the Scotch and Welsh sheep-dogs, and his coat is usually long, shaggy, and inclined to curl. This last feature is a defect, but in this variety only a minor one. His face is shaggy, if not devoid of long hair, as in the collie, and his color his usually grizzle. The skull is round and muzzle truncated, with the couplings short and square. The chief feature in the breed, however, is the almost absence of tail, which is of the shortest possible dimensions. A theory has been started that this is the result of constant generations of sheep-dogs with docked tails having been bred together; but this appears incredible to us. Should this reasoning be correct, we may shortly expect to produce English terriers with ready cropped ears, or fox-terriers and spaniels with naturally docked tails. Another theory is that this breed has been crossed with the bull-dog, and hence the natural singularity in its caudal appendages. We cannot however receive this suggestion with more favor than the former, as so large a cross of bull would inevitably render the dog too "hard" in mouth, and give the breed a tendency to worry stock, which would be very undesirable in a drover's dog. However, whatever may be the reason for this development, the variety exists, and, as a working dog, has no superior.

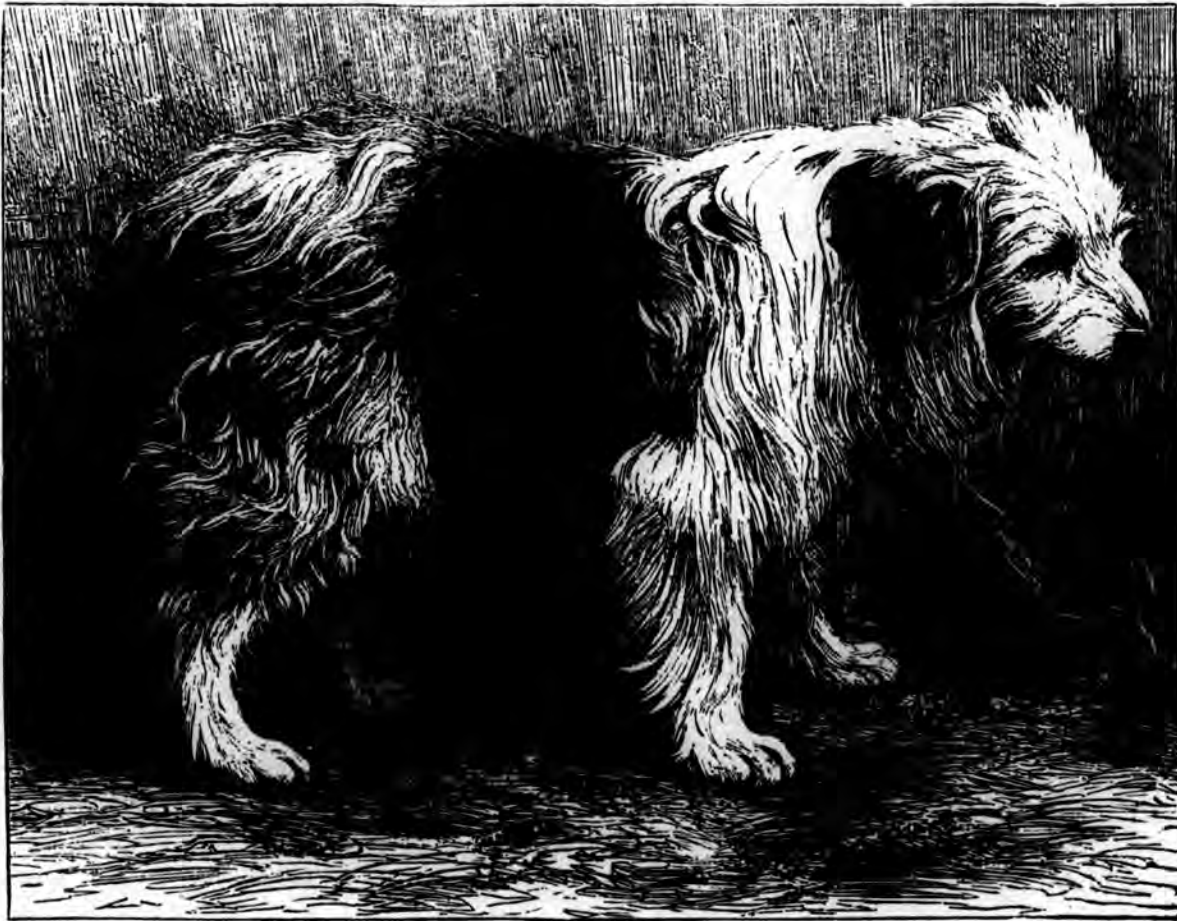
Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price, of Rhylwas, has owned some of the best specimens we have seen, his old Bob being a very large prizewinner at our shows. He says of them that "They come principally from the Lake country, and are not adapted for penning or driving, but are best for escorting sheep along the roads, where they often show their cleverness by running over the backs of a closely-packed flock of sheep, and getting in front to turn them, when they cannot pass by the side. They are even better adapted for rough wear and tear than the long-haired sort, their coat being of a sort of door-mat texture. The bob-tail I believe to have arisen from the fact that a tax used to be imposed on all dogs with a tail, and a long course of breeding from dogs with the tails cut off has produced these results." It will be seen from the latter remarks that Mr. Price has faith in the theory given above, though we cannot admit our own is very great. His allusion, too, to the bob-tailed dog running over the backs of sheep has, to a certain extent, surprised us. We know the practice is a common one amongst sheep-dogs, but should have considered the breed in question of too heavy a build to resort to such means of heading his sheep.

The original type of the bob-tailed sheep dog is uncertain. The best we have met with have generally been in Devon, where at Exeter and other shows in the county we have seen them in fair numbers, and in quality what we consider perfection. The animals are said to be very intelligent, and everlasting workers; but although picturesque, they appear slow, and have not that bright knowing look that distinguishes the collie. The colors are black and white, or grizzle, with more or less of distinct white patches. It is, however, singular that a very similar variety appears to be known in Scotland, where it also is sometimes termed the "Rough-coated" collie, from

the shagginess of its jacket. In a letter which appeared in the *Live Stock Journal* of Nov. 15, 1878, Mr. Gordon James Phillips, of Glenlivet, described this variety as follows:

"The origin of the rough-coated collie is more difficult to trace back to its native wilds than any other dog that we know. It forms a small minority among shepherds' dogs, and it is seldom, if ever, seen pure-bred in the north of Scotland. Nature, however, has given it marks which cannot be effaced, which help to unravel the mystery which envelops its nativity. These are its shaggy coat, the thickness of its skin, and the formation of its limbs. The thick skin and the shaggy coat point unmistakably to its being the native of a cold climate; while the short powerful limbs point as powerfully to its being the native of a mountainous country. Glancing for a moment at other animals that are natives of Scotland, and marking the resemblance between them and the rough-coated collie, we are inclined to think that it also is Scotch. Take, for example, Highland cattle and Highland horses. They have the rough coat, the short thick limbs, and the thick skin, and in their own characters the same amount of endurance. The only plausible argument against the collie being Scotch is its scarcity in Scotland. This may be accounted for, however, when we take into consideration the fact that the black and tan collie is better adapted than the rough-coated collie for the ordinary work about small farms, such as driving in and out cattle, sitting beside a few sheep, and so on. It is also more easily trained for work of this sort. This would naturally make the black and tan collie a greater favorite with farmers than its rough-coated neighbor. Within the last few years, however, sheep have become more valuable, and the rough-coated collie has again become fashionable, shepherds preferring it for its endurance of cold and fatigue, and its ability as a driver. Shepherds also affirm that for sheep it is, on the whole, the best dog.

"The animal itself is about the size of an ordinary collie, but a good deal deeper chested. As already mentioned, it is thicker in the skin; it is also flatter in the forehead. Altogether, the head would be somewhat repulsive looking, if it were not relieved by the beautiful dark-brown eyes. Its greatest peculiarity in form is in the tail, which is simply a stump, generally from



A SCOTCH BOB-TAILED SHEEP-DOG.

Crytal Palace, 1878; champion prize Alexandra Palace, 1879. We have not been able to obtain her measurements.

Yarrow, Mr. Thomson's smooth-coated bitch, is also an unusually good one, but is without a pedigree, having been imported into this country by Mr. Hugh Dalziel. Mr. Thomson pronounces her to be the best worker on sheep in his kennel, but an inveterate poacher. A peculiar trait in her character is referred to thus by her owner; we give his own words: "This same bitch when having whelps, will, as they get old enough to eat, sneak off like a wolf or fox, and on her return she will disgorge rabbits, eggs, etc., for the delectation of her young." Her chief performances are: First Chesterfield, 1877; first and cup Hanover, 1879. The measurements of Yarrow are as follows: Tip of nose to stop, 3½ inches; stop to occiput, 4½ inches; length of back, 19 inches; girth of muzzle, 10 inches; girth of skull, 15 inches; girth of neck, 14½ inches; girth of brisket, 26 inches; girth round shoulders, 25 inches; girth of loins, 21 inches; girth of hind leg at stifle-joint, 11 inches; girth of fore-arm, 6 inches; girth round pastern, 4 inches; height at top shoulders, 20 inches; height at elbows, 10½ inches; height at loins, 20 inches; height at hock, 6 inches; length of tail, 14½ inches.

Amongst the best dogs of the day are Mr. Ashwin's Cockle, although his ears are not quite perfect; Mr. Thomson's Hero, Marcus, and Bess; Mr. Bissell's Cockle, the sire of Cockle; Mrs. Skinner's Vero, the best dog out, only rather silky in coat, and usually shown like an alderman; and last, but not least, Mr. Shirley's Trefoli, Hornpipe, and Hulakin.

In smooth-coated dogs there is only Mr. Thomson's Guel, also imported by Mr. Hugh Dalziel (descended from Crichton's dog, who was hung with his master for sheep-stealing) that we can call to recollection as being above the ordinary run, whilst the same gentleman's Yarrow, together with Mr. Swinburne's Lassie, and Mr. James Fawdry's, late Mr. Mapplebeck's, Fan, compose a trio of bitches which combined cannot be beaten.

SCALE OF POINTS FOR JUDGING SHEEP-DOGS.

Head.....	10
Chest and shoulders.....	5
Body.....	5

six to nine inches in length. That the animal is of Scotch origin, owing to its resemblance to other Scotch animals, is apparent, if we compare it with the Scotch terrier, which it resembles very much in color—a dark grey. At all events, the black and tan collie, now common throughout Scotland, would be much more at home in the southern part of the island than in the north. It cannot endure the same amount of cold. In winter it has a great inclination to get near the fire, and is generally shivering, whereas the rough-coated collie seldom draws to the fire, but seems to be at home among the drift and snow. It is finely adapted for hill climbing, owing to the strength of its limbs and the depth of its chest. Shepherds have an idea, which, on the whole, is not a bad one, that it was intended by nature to be specially a sheep-dog, owing to its short tail, which does not let it turn so swiftly as it would otherwise do, if gifted with the long tail of its brother collie. To understand this it is necessary to know that when shepherds send a dog to hunt sheep they desire it to take a wide circle round, not to dash in amongst them. The black and tan collie must be trained to do this, but the rough-coated one must make a wide sweep, owing to the stump. Perhaps better proofs exist of its being specially a sheep-dog, when we consider its aptitude for driving. Shepherds state that they can safely trust 200 or 300 sheep to the sagacity of this valuable dog, which does not hurry or push, but drives them as coolly and as cautiously as if its master were present. Another proof is that it will not follow game. The black and tan collie, if it sees a hare, will dart away after it at its utmost speed. Most dogs will do so; but it is different with the rough-coated collie. If a hare start up amongst its feet, it will simply look after it with a scared-like look, and then move on its way again.

It will be obvious that Mr. Phillips in the above remarks uses the word "rough-coated" in a sense different to that in which it is usually applied to the collie. We reproduce the engraving of a "rough-coated," bob-tailed "collie," as described by him, and without pledging ourselves to any particular details of his statement, can testify to having seen dogs precisely resembling that here portrayed. The strong resemblance in many points of the English bob-tailed dog is too striking to be accidental, and it is hardly likely that there were two original types; but whether the northern or southern type was that original cannot now be decided. Perhaps, seeing the north country undoubtedly produced or perfected the other and better-known type of sheep-dog, while Mr. Lloyd Price also traces the animal to the Lake district, the probability may be rather in favor of a general northern origin, whatever the precise locality may be.

The disposition of several rough bob-tailed sheep-dogs we have met with has differed considerably from that of the collie, being mild and affectionate.

It is impossible to give any standard for judging this variety. General appearance, tail, strength, and shagginess without too much length of coat, should be taken into consideration.

The sheep-dog is capable of nearly anything in the way of herding or attending to stock; and the stories told of his intelligence almost surpass belief. Nothing has done more to illustrate the collie's value than the introduction of the sheep-dog trials, which were first inaugurated at Bala by Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price. This gentleman further gave Londoners a treat by bringing a flock of 100 wild Welsh sheep up to the Alexandra Palace in 1876. Here three sheep were picked out of the flock (which was folded in a remote corner of the park), and were carried to the field of operations on the side of the hill. They were then liberated, and the dog whose turn it was to work them was required to pen them in a small fold situated in the middle of the green bounded by the race-course. The only assistance the dog received was from his master, who was, however, forbidden to touch the sheep under penalty of disqualification. Those acquainted with sheep will fully appreciate the difficulties of the task thus set the shepherd and his dog, for wild Welsh sheep are very unlike their civilized brothers met with nearer towns. But—to quote from the account published at the time in the *Live Stock Journal*:—"Some of the dogs were so well trained that many spectators expressed the utmost astonishment at the intelligence they displayed. Some of them lie down before the sheep, so as to let them recover their equilibrium; then they get up quietly, move a step forward, and lie down again; this they repeat over and over again, producing a corresponding step of the sheep toward the entrance of the pen, and finally they fairly drive them in, almost unconsciously to themselves."

This long and careful training is not conducted by any set rules. The best-trained collies have lived with their masters from puppyhood, and learned to associate with sheep from their earliest years. The inherited habits of generations also predispose the sagacious animals to the performance of the duties required of them; and old experienced dogs with whom they are at first always worked, further assist in the process.

The Stud Book—Mr. Burges' Reply to Mr. Lathrop.

HILLSDALE, MICH.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Your issue of the 28th contains another attack upon the Stud Book, and myself as compiler, by Mr. E. H. Lathrop, which, apart from its coarse and ungentlemanly language, displays such ignorance upon dog matters and the usual form of stud entries, that I would not waste time in replying, but for certain questions and assertions, which would give those who may not see the Stud Book a very wrong idea of it. These I will answer once for all, then leave the intelligent breeders and lovers of dogs to judge between Mr. Lathrop and myself.

First, as to form of entries. In corresponding with the Chairman of the Publication Committee previous to commencing the compilation, it was agreed that I should take the English Kennel Club Stud Book for my model as far as possible; it being regarded by dog men all over the world as the best work of its kind. That Stud Book classes setters as English, Irish, and black and tan only, but finding that under this division errors crept into the book, by assignment to some one class of dogs having a mixture of other blood (as, for example, Carrie, No. 1708, Vol. 1, who is entered as an Irish setter, but is half Laverack), and wishing to avoid such mistakes in my own work, I proposed I should add to these another class, viz. cross-bred setters, to cover just such cases. This amended classification was deemed amply sufficient to cover the ground by the Chairman, Mr. L. H. Smith, and I submit that his experience as a breeder, and his acquaintance with both American and foreign dog matters, render him a much more competent judge of what is needed in a stud book than Mr. Lathrop has shown himself to be. As to the question why I did not follow the classification of my previous work, "The American Kennel and Sporting Field," and enter all dogs as English, Irish, Gordons, and *Natives*, I would say that that very form of division was more unfavorably criticised as inaccurate, than any other portion of my book, and however allowable it may have been at the time the American Kennel was issued, when bench shows were in their infancy with us, it would be especially inappropriate in the Stud Book, to enter under one general class, dogs whose prize winnings at shows had been gained in English, Irish, and Gordon divisions, no matter if those divisions had borne the prefix of native.

Mr. Lathrop charges me with evasion of his former claim that the dogs were wrongly entered, when I say Mr. Morford's dogs were entered in the native English class at shows, and so should

appear in the English list. He adds he can see no reason for making "a native English class (at shows) except to be open to setters bred here directly from imported parents and none others, and even this I deem wrong." The italics are my own, and used to call attention to the utter lack of knowledge displayed by my critic, for the rules of all shows are based upon rule seven of the National American Kennel Club which says: "All imported dogs and their progeny on both sides (but not the progeny of the latter) shall be entered in the imported class and be debarred from entering the native class; but no native dog shall be debarred from entering in the imported class." This has been the custom at all important shows whether professedly held under the club rules or not, so that by this limitation it is evident that no dog bred from imported parents can compete in the native classes. In proof that this is the exact construction of this rule, see the decision of the St. Louis Show Committee for the year 1878, when in special class 55, "For the best brace of native setters, any strain," Mr. E. C. Waller's brace Prince Peg and Jack were thrown out as wrongly entered, upon the protest of Mr. Morford's representative, claiming that as Prince Peg was bred from imported sire and dam he had no right to enter in a native class. The native classes are reserved for dogs which have been bred here, and for no others approaching nearer to directly imported stock than two generations, and how any one who has attended a single large show could fail to understand this is more than I can see. Mr. Lathrop himself must have understood it at the time of the 1877 New York show, for I find by reference to the catalogue for that year, he entered his Dick in the *Native English* class, a fact I did not know when I compiled the Stud Book, or I would have avoided the error of placing Dick with the Gordons, but would have consigned him to the cross-bred class, in which the above entry and his "effusion of Gordon blood" show he belongs. True Gordons, native and imported, I beg your pardon for thrusting such company upon you.

Mr. Lathrop deems this native classification wrong, but so do not the managers of shows, and that the latter are supported by the native exhibitors is proved by the great number of entries these classes contain. These classes were made simply because it was unquestionable that native dogs could not compete with the imported and their progeny, and that to class all together would be to drive the natives out of the shows, as men would not enter their dogs with certainty of defeat. Rule 7 of the National Club, which I have quoted, allows native dogs to compete in imported classes, but what case can be cited where a pure native dog has won prizes from imported competitors? Breeders of imported dogs have never urged or desired this division. They would willingly enter their dogs against all comers, but it has been well understood that the overthrow of this classification would insure the failure of native entries, an assertion in which every member of a show committee will support me.

Mr. Lathrop, in declaring the present classification of natives wrong, practically says he could class all such dogs together. That is, he would jumble red, black and tan, and the different colors of the English setter, and make dogs, showing by their colors and formation that they belong distinctively to one of the three recognized divisions, compete together in one general class. I doubt if there is another man in America who entertains so senseless an idea, and I can assure him if a bench committee proposed to organize a show upon this basis, it would raise a howl of indignation from every owner of a native dog, for we have in those classes fine representatives of the English, Irish and Gordon strains, and their owners are fully as tenacious of their claims to such descent as the most ultra breeder of imported dogs. If I am not right let the owners of the representative native dogs correct me.

Another ground for complaint is found in the fact, as stated, that but two generations are given in the pedigrees. This is but half true, and if it was, good and sufficient reasons decided such limitation. In the first place, this is all that the English Kennel Club Stud Book gives, with very few exceptions. Apart from this was the far more important consideration of expense, which the publication committee had to remember in instructing the compiler. The National Club was short of funds, and economy was therefore absolutely necessary. If each pedigree had been carried out in full, the size of the book and consequent cost of publishing it would have been very largely increased, and this would have prevented its issue. As it was, the club barely accomplished its purpose, and the compiler had to wait for one-half his salary till the book was out and a sufficient number sold to raise the necessary amount. It is easy enough for men who know nothing of either the labor, difficulties or cost of getting up the stud book to criticize it. But I very much doubt if even Mr. Lathrop would have produced better than the book he most inelegantly styles an abortion. I said the statement that but two generations are given is but half true, and it is so because, in a very large number of cases reference is had by number to the entry of sires and dams, so that whenever such are entered, by turning to their numbers, the pedigrees can be traced two generations further, making a total of four generations in all. In this, too, I followed the model of the English Kennel Club Stud Book, and of my own work, The American Kennel, is used before I had seen the English stud book at all. Mr. Lathrop cannot complain that injustice is done his Dick in not carrying out his pedigree by the original entry, still in my possession, and in Mr. L.'s own handwriting, but two generations, and those on the sire's side only, are given. It is fair to suppose from this that Dick had no maternal grandparents or that Mr. Lathrop deemed those given sufficient. I would say also that two generations on both sides are all that the blanks for Vol. 2 call for, hence that volume also will be in this respect equally as incomplete as that already issued.

As regards correctness of the entries, I do not claim there are no errors. No stud book of any kind has ever been issued absolutely free from them, but that there are blunders on every page is false, and I do say that the pedigrees as they appear are as nearly as possible just as they stood in the original entry blanks filled out by the owner of the dogs. Some changes were necessary, as those blanks contained many manifest errors. I cannot conceive how any man could be furnished with worse material from which to compile a stud book. The blanks were incomplete in many of the most important particulars. Those who got up those blanks, having no experience in such matters, did not and could not know what was needed, hence mistakes constantly appeared, and as the addresses of those making entries were so indefinite they could not in very many cases be reached by letter, the compiler had to be guided by his own knowledge, or where this was at fault, by comparison of the pedigrees. The book contains fourteen hundred and two entries, so it is easy to see the work was not light.

In speaking of *non-descript* setters, as I did in my former letter, no offense was either meant or conveyed to the great mass of native dog owners. I confined that proposed class to such dogs as could not with propriety be entered in the English, Irish, Gordon or cross-bred classes, and submit that, this classification is broad enough to cover all cases except such as rightly come under Mr. Lathrop's definition, "A thing not yet described, abnormal, unclassifiable." As Mr. Lathrop's original entry of Dick in Vol. 1 reads "*Native*," and as he objects to the classification of the Stud Book, the class I propose seems specially appropriate for his corrected entry in Vol. 2. ARNOLD BURGESS.

An Armstrong Not a Llewellyn Setter.

BOLTON, KIRKBY THORPE, WESTMORELAND, ENGLAND.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I see a list of winners in your number of Dec. 4, in which you give every credit of setter breed to Mr. Llewellyn. I beg to state that my brother Edward and myself have bred setters for twenty-five years, and Mr. Llewellyn never had a setter until 1868, and that one was a Gordon. See stud book, Vol. I.

The breed he has now he got in 1872, only eight years ago. His setters of the present day are what I have been breeding for fourteen years; namely, my brother's Duke and his sister, by old Kate's mother, with the late Mr. Laverack's sort. There is no more of a secret in it than that. Now your list is incorrect in putting Dash III down as Mr. Llewellyn's strain. What had he to do with it? He bought him of me for £128 and sold him into your country at a large profit.

I see also that you have St. Elmo down as English. It strikes me he is a pure Laverack, by Pride-of-the-Border out of Jessie. I see also Mr. Statters Belton mentioned as Mr. Llewellyn's strain. How can that be? And there are many others in the list whose breeding has no more to do with Mr. Llewellyn than with the man in the moon.

Mr. Llewellyn in this country does not gain any more successes in field trials than other people. Last year, for instance, he won one field trial he competed for out of four, and the "Armstrong strain" won one, the Puppy Stake at Shrewsbury, with Rover by Diamond got by Sergeant out of my old Kate. Rover beat Mr. Llewellyn's representative, and I make certain of repeating the dose this year at Shrewsbury, and the field trial at Derby with young Tam O'Shanter, a better puppy I think than either Dash II or Dash III ever were. I bred old Kate to Mr. Lowe's Tam O'Shanter, as I liked his appearance, and as he is out of a Dash and Moll bitch (as was also Blue Prince) I thought him the best bred Laverack of the day. I feel sure this judgment of mine will have its reward, and to prove my belief in it I have just put old Kate to Tam O'Shanter again. JOHN ARMSTRONG, Breeder and breaker of Dash II, Dash III, Diamond, Sam and Daisy, all winners at field trials.

[Mr. Armstrong must understand that in America all dogs having the Duke—Rhoebie and Laverack cross are called Llewellyns; hence in our list of winners at field trials, we termed each one of that strain a Llewellyn, as it was the only name by which they have come to be known. Mr. Armstrong is wrong in saying Belton is mentioned as a Llewellyn, although had we had occasion to mention him we should have so termed him. He saw Nellie by Belton out of Dimple (Prince—Dora, and bred by Mr. Llewellyn) termed a Llewellyn. Unless Mr. Armstrong knows Jessie to be a pure Laverack, he is wrong in supposing St. Elmo to be a pure Laverack.—ED.]

The N. A. K. C. Field Trial Derby.

The following are the entries in the National American Kennel Club Field Trial Derby up to the 8th inst. It will be remembered the entries close April 1, and should be addressed to Chas. DeRonge, 51 Broad St., New York.

Harvard Kennel Club's blk and w tck Count Tick, by Drake—Countess Vesta, setter.
Harvard Kennel Club's blk and w tck Countess Clytie, by Dash III—Countess II, setter.
Harvard Kennel Club's blk and w tck Count Tell, by Drake—Countess Ada, setter.
Harvard Kennel Club's blk and w tck Countess True, by Drake—Countess Ada, setter.
Harvard Kennel Club's blk and w tck Count Dick, by Dash III—Countess II, setter.
Harvard Kennel Club's blk and w tck Dashing Joe, by Dash III—Rhoebie, setter.
Harvard Kennel Club's blk and w tck Dashing Joker, by Dash III—Rhoebie, setter.
Harvard Kennel Club's blk and w tck Dashing Jerry, by Dash III—Rhoebie, setter.
Harvard Kennel Club's blk and w tck Dashing Jewell, by Dash III—Rhoebie, setter.
Harvard Kennel Club's blk and w tck Dashing Chief, by Dash III—Dora II, setter.
Mr. Robert Sewell's o and w b Cecile, by Morford's Don—Raymond's Fairy, setter.
Mr. Theodore Morford's d Rye, by Don—Fairy, setter.
Mr. Theodore Morford's d Rock, by Don—Fairy, setter.
Mr. E. C. LaMontagne's d Duke of Ansteritz, by Guy Mannerling—Abbey, setter.
Mr. E. C. LaMontagne's d Ballyhak, by Guy Mannerling—Abbey, setter.
Mr. E. C. LaMontagne's b Bolina, by Guy Mannerling—Abbey, setter.
Mr. Charles DeRonge's blk and w tck Lady Caprice, by Guy Mannerling—Abbey, setter.
St. Louis Kennel Club's blk and w tck Drake, by Tory—Jaunty, pointer.
St. Louis Kennel Club's blk and w tck b Trinket, by Tory—Jaunty, pointer.
St. Louis Kennel Club's blk and w tck b Lena, by Tory—Jaunty, pointer.
St. Louis Kennel Club's blk and w tck d Mephisto, by Faust—Zeal, pointer.
St. Louis Kennel Club's blk and w tck d Trap, by Tory—Jaunty, pointer.
St. Louis Kennel Club's blk and w tck d Viking, by Tory—Jaunty, pointer.
St. Louis Kennel Club's blk and w tck b Marguerite, by Faust—June, pointer.
W. C. Harding's red Irish b Gashla, by Elcho—Fire Fly, setter.
Mr. William A. McIntosh's r w and tipped d Clyde, by Elcho—Gypsy Queen, Irish setter.
Mr. L. H. Smith's blue belton d Cambridge, by Gladstone—Clip, setter.
Mr. L. H. Smith's blue belton Dawn, by Gladstone—Clip, setter.
Dr. S. Fleet Spier's red d Sir Alfred, by Derg—Kathleen, Irish setter.
Dr. S. Fleet Spier's o and w d Prince Hal, by St. Elmo—Malda, setter.
Mr. A. E. Sterling's blk and w d Max, by Dash III—Gift, setter.

Dogs and Salmon.

PORTLAND, OR.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—In one of your late numbers you consider the accounts of "salmon sickness" among the dogs of our state and Washington Territory, which have recently appeared in the columns of an eastern paper, as a huge joke upon the publishers of that paper, consequent upon the offering as a premium for the biggest lie—I beg pardon, I meant "fish story" (can anyone define the difference between the two?): a big fish-hook.

Now, Mr. Editor, for fear that your criticism on that subject might create an erroneous impression in regard to the "sickness," allow me to say a few words in its behalf. I have been a resident of Portland for nearly eighteen years, and have been an ardent lover of the rod and gun for the last seven years of that time, and almost innumerable cases of "salmon sickness" have come under my notice, and a large majority of dogs thus afflicted have "passed in their checks." I have lost two from this same cause myself. As has been stated in your eastern cotemporary, *cooked salmon does not affect a dog in any way*. At least not to my knowledge, but let one of them get his belly full of raw salmon, and unless in the hands of experienced persons, it is "good-bye dog." In some instances the disease, if such it can be called, runs a long course, say twenty days, and in others, especially one somewhat emaciated and weakened from some other cause, such as distemper or worms, a week generally suffices to kill them, and in one particular case I am cognizant of, in less

CHICAGO FIELD

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A REVOLUTION IN TROTTING—A SYSTEM WHICH WILL PURIFY AND SAVE THE TROTTING TURF.

The history of the trotting turf is so thoroughly identified with fraud, and fraud so generally regarded to be a component of it, and the impossibility to disintegrate the one from the other so popular a belief, that the public have long since ceased to be shocked by any transaction, no matter how rascally and bare faced, or to question the truth of it, but on the contrary, ready to accept it as a fact, regarding it but the natural concomitant of a sport, from which fraud and rascality are inseparable. Therefore such being the case, we do not assume the role of the historian, since the trotting turf itself has woven into history its own acts and common occurrences, and those connected with it, with a few honorable exceptions, have stamped on it the stigma which leaves its acts the *lex non scripta* of fraud and rascality.

Having fallen into such disrepute, some years ago, that to be connected with it in any manner was to invite reflection on one's character, it looked as if its death was assured and but a question of a very short time. It was then that those who desired that a sport, purely American, and which, if honestly conducted, should receive the patronage of the American public, stepped forward to rescue it from the slums into which it had sunk and to cleanse it from the noxious slime of dishonor which covered it. A new lease of life was given it, and with the aid of the National Trotting Association, a police court for the restraining and punishment of offenders, it looked as if the object would be accomplished, and that it would take the front rank in American sports, where it properly belongs. But it was not long before those who had been connected with it in its worst days, gradually kicked over the traces and returned to their ways that were dark and their tricks that were vain; and with the large numbers that had become connected with it, by the increase of the meetings and the better patronage and recognition it was receiving from the public, there were many who were contaminated by the influences surrounding them, and followed rapidly the bad example set them.

The docket of the National Trotting Association, with each accession of membership, swelled with charges of fraud and corrupt practices, until to-day it is something beyond comprehension. Notwithstanding the severity of some of its penalties its influence was not sufficient to suppress fraud or keep the trotting turf even comparatively free from it; but, on the contrary, each year the fraudulent acts not only increased, but were more bare faced and enormous in their character, until, at last, the public, tired of exhibitions which, even if honestly conducted, were regarded all the same with suspicion, as a mass turned their backs on the trotting turf. Rapidly did it lose prestige, until in the East, where it first took root and flourished most prosperously, many associations for want of patronage were compelled to disband, and those which continued in existence, with the hope of recovering their losses, have been gradually falling into decay.

Following the Star of Empire, Westward it wended its way and for a time flourished, but as in the East it stabbed itself in its very vitals, and at the close of the year 1879 was a piling thing, tottering at the edge of the grave, which those connected with it had dug for it; and really it looked as if the prophecy that it was dead in the East would die in the West and then travel to the Pacific Ocean, where it would meet its final death, was being rapidly fulfilled.

There was not an association last year which made any money to speak of, certainly not sufficient to pay a decent interest on the capital invested and for the trouble and risk taken in expenditures. The frauds of Buffalo, Utica and other places were in everyone's mouth, and every contest, no matter how honestly conducted, was questioned by the public as a square up-and-up trot, and instead believed to be a fly to catch the green and unsophisticated.

Fraud continued and cropped out where least expected. Many small associations, in order to get horsemen to patronize them, let it be understood that a time record to suit would be given them, and numerous were the instances where drivers were called up into the stand and asked what record they wanted, before the time was announced; particularly conspicuous, for this was one of the Michigan meetings; so openly was it done that an editor of a paper devoted to the turf offered as a premium for a subscription to his paper to regulate the record, through the judges, as each may desire. Can a more disgusting spectacle be witnessed than a man, whose duty should be to expose and stamp out fraud, truckling with and encouraging it? Then the National Trotting Association, the police court, inaugurated to suppress and check fraud, boldly declared that the grade of fraud should be measured by the purse of the wrong-doer, and he who stoned could, by paying for it, be purged of his acts and sent out to the world anointed with the holy unction of the National Association, and as pure and free from sin, so far as the laws of the association were concerned, as though he had done no wrong. Such a subversion of its functions by the National Association, such a perversion of the object for which it had been formed, such tampering with fraud, such compromising fraudulent acts, such placing a money grade on dishonesty so shocked the moral sense of the community, that it was but the last straw necessary to doom an institution whose history had been fraud from its very inception, and the feeling of the public was to send it to the grave it should long since have been interred in. The public turned their back on trotting meetings, and the coffers of the associations were depleted in turn as the jobs on the various tracks had shriveled the pockets of their patrons. It was sweet revenge for the public, but pecuniary death to the associations.

Retrospect of the history of the trotting turf does not leave the blame of its failure or patronage of the public, but rather shows the public to have been more lenient than could be reasonably expected, and the wonder is they did not throw it off before. Especially do we find this the case, when we notice gradually

with the decline of the trotting turf the growth of the running turf. As the former has fallen from public favor and public patronage has the latter grown with them, until it is really a serious question whether the running turf is not destined to ultimately supplant the trotting turf. The running turf cannot be claimed to be entirely free from corruption and dishonest acts, but they are really so few and far between that comparatively they amount to nothing, and it seems pure when compared with the trotting turf and its daily occurrences of fraud.

It is only necessary to attend a trotting and a running meeting and notice the temper and conduct of the spectators to be satisfied in which the public have confidence and of which suspicion. We have to go no further than the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club to demonstrate this fact. Last year during the running meeting not a voice was raised against a decision, nor a charge of fraud made; a more respectable and orderly assemblage could not be found. On the other hand, there was not a trotting meeting, and hardly a race in a meeting, but which charges of fraud were more numerous than the spectators. Loud and coarse were the denunciations of the judges during several of the races by the unfortunate speculators in the pool box, and freely were the gentlemen who acted as judges charged with being interested in the pool-box, notwithstanding not one of them had a dollar at stake. There was probably less fraud in the trotting races of the Chicago Jockey Club last year than at any other meeting during the year, and gentlemen occupied the judges' stand whose position and character should have been a guarantee that they would not have complicity with fraud, yet so educated up to expect fraud in trotting races, and so satisfied that it must always exist, when the result of a race did not back their judgment, those present imagined fraud to exist, and the judges to be parties to it.

With the black cloud of fraud which hangs over the trotting turf, the outlook for 1880 was not very promising, and grave was the question among many, how much further its acts this year would drive the nails in its coffin and bury it on to an ignominious death from inanition. To the thoughtful, far-seeing and ardent friends of the trotting turf such a result seemed inevitable, for unless a change for the better could be brought about, the honest men, now connected with it, would leave it; the small patronage it was yet receiving it would lose; and the men of character, who for the love of it were willing to swallow the bitter morsels of insult heaped on them, would no longer act as judges. To rescue it, as the question, and we think the plan adopted by the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club, which is virtually that in vogue on the running turf, will have the effect. It can be said to entirely revolutionize the trotting turf, and will, we believe, purge it of fraud, by removing the premiums on it, and save the institution from a seeming certain death.

The difference between the first and second moneys has never been in proper proportion; there has never been a sufficient difference between them to make it more profitable to win first than to drop into second place and divide the winnings in the pool-box with the first horse. Now the stakes will be so much larger than under the old purse system, and the difference so great between first and second money that it will not pay to throw away first place. The second and third horses will also receive a larger amount of money than under the old system. Another advantage, it will bring to the score a better class of horses, and consequently induce closer contested races, as after seeing the entries, those who know they cannot win, and there being no opportunity for them to get a share for pocketing and otherwise attending to horses to be beaten during the race, will pay forfeit and stay away. The advantage to horsemen, at least, is great and if the result is what we anticipate, by the superior position the trotting turf will be placed in and the better recognition and attendance it will receive from the public, the association will be better able to pay the additional expense involved by it. Should it meet our expectations, credit for the new departure will be due to the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club for putting it into effect, and the credit will be due individually to the treasurer of the club, Mr. H. V. Bemis, who, as a member of the committee appointed by the club to arrange the programme, originated the plan. The programme of the stakes and the conditions will be found in our horse department.

THE ST. LOUIS FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION.

We mentioned in our last issue the meeting of several gentlemen in St. Louis, earnestly interested in the protection of game, for the formation of a fish and game protective association, at which meeting a committee was appointed to draft a plan of organization. At the second meeting, last Friday night, the association was permanently organized, and it is safe to say, from our personal knowledge of the gentlemen comprising it, the most strenuous efforts will be made to enforce the game law, which has been much neglected. The association is in earnest, and already the president, Mr. J. D. Johnson, has issued a notice that "the St. Louis Fish and Game Protection Association will, until further notice, pay to the prosecutor or informer a reward of twenty dollars for each conviction of a violation of either the game or the fish law of the state, within the city or county of St. Louis. Also that the association will see to the prosecution of all cases against violators of the laws, without expense to the informer. In addition to the reward offered above an informer will be entitled to receive one-half of the fine imposed for each case."

Our correspondent "Dan" sends us the following account of the meeting.

"I send you with this the proceedings of a meeting held last night, to perfect an organization for the protection of fish and game in this state. The meeting was in every respect a success, and but for the bad weather would have had a very large attendance. We mean business, and intend to make it hot for the violators of the law in their reckless destruction of fish and game. The gentlemen selected as officers are among our most respected citizens, and have the confidence of the people to command their support. The association has the promise of a membership numbering into the thousands; of our business men."

Among those present were Messrs. John D. Johnson, Colonel A. W. Slayback, Basil Duke, Frederick W. Blank, D. L. Dickinson, I. G. W. Steadman, Joseph A. Wherry, Mark Taylor, F. F. Hilder, O. S. Jones, J. B. Morris, Alfred E. Lindsley, and Hugh J. Brady, the latter representing the people of North St. Louis. The meeting was called to order by the acting president, Basil Duke, who explained the reasons for the meeting and the want of an organization which would protect from wholesale destruction the game and fish. He explained how fish were destroyed, telling how the explosion of a pound of dynamite had killed all the fish within four hundred yards of it. He spoke of the plan of organization, and stated that the object of the meeting was mainly to accept or reject the plan of organization drawn out by the committee appointed at a mass meeting held at the Laclede Hotel on the third day of March last. This committee consisted of Messrs. Basil Duke, John D. Johnson, H. O. West, Joseph A. Wherry and F. F. Hilder. Acting secretary Johnson read the following plan of organization.

Section 1. This association shall be known as the St. Louis Fish and Game Protection Association.

Sec. 2. The objects of this association are the protection of fish and game in the State of Missouri, and the enforcement of the laws of the state applicable to them.

Sec. 3. Any person may become a member of the association by paying the sum of \$2 to the treasurer thereof.

Sec. 4. The annual dues of members shall be \$1, and be payable on the first of February, each year.

Sec. 5. The affairs of the association shall be under the control and management of the following officers to be elected annually, namely: A president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer and two directors. Conjointly they shall be known as the executive committee, and they shall perform the duties respectively as are usually performed by such officers.

Sec. 6. It shall be the duty of the executive committee to prosecute all known offenders against the fish and game laws, and for that purpose, when necessary, they shall be authorized to employ attorneys and detectives and other persons and assistance, and to pay expenses incurred thereby; provided that all expenditures shall be limited to the amount of money in the treasury.

Sec. 7. There shall be an annual meeting of the association on the last Monday in January in each year for the election of officers and for the transaction of such other business as may come before it. Special meetings may be called by the President or the three members of the executive committee at any time.

The plan of organization was approved, and the following names subscribed thereto: Colonel A. W. Slayback, Basil Duke, John D. Johnson, Frederick W. Blank, D. L. Dickinson, I. G. W. Steadman, Joseph A. Wherry, F. F. Hilder, Hugh J. Brady, Mark Taylor, C. S. Jones, S. B. Morris, and Alfred E. Lindsley.

Mr. J. D. Johnson was nominated and unanimously elected to the position. In taking the chair he said he was sorry to see others more worthy than himself decline the offer. He, too, could look back to the time when it was a pleasure to use the rod and gun without the aid of an association looking to the protection of fish and game. He remembered when fishing in the Meramee was as good as it is now in the Gasconade. The fish had been wantonly destroyed by market fishermen. He thought they could soon bring good fishing days back again. They had, by organizing, put in the entering wedge and brought the people to know that the fish had to be protected, and it would be a small thing to secure further assistance from the state to build hatcheries and fill the rivers again with fish.

Mr. F. F. Hilder was elected vice-president, and said that he would do his best in helping the president through with his work.

Mr. Wherry nominated Captain H. C. West, who is a director of the State Sportsmen's Association, and he was elected to the position of secretary and treasurer.

Messrs. Wherry and Duke were elected directors. In accepting the position Mr. Duke said he had worked thirty years to prevent the wholesale destruction of fish and game and was willing to devote another year's time to it.

The executive committee mean to go to work in earnest and will be heard from shortly.

It is hoped that this organization will be followed by others throughout the state and adjoining states. I know you will lend us the aid of your popular journal to set the ball in motion."

LASS O'GOWRIE AGAIN.

Mr. Burges contradicted our statement regarding Lass o' Gowrie, and called on Mr. Stoddard, who judged the class at Detroit, to confirm his statement, that the race for second place was between Nilsson and Clip. When Mr. Stoddard's communication was forwarded to us in Arkansas we did not have the copy of the CHICAGO FIELD containing our report of the show to refer to, but we knew what we had subsequently stated, and what brought forth his letter, was in substance what we had stated in our report. Since our return home we have referred to our issue of January 18, 1879, containing the report, and clip from it our comments in full regarding the English setter bitch class, which are as follows:

"Imported English setter bitches were, like the dog, a grand class, and also like them have been excelled but at two previous shows in this country. Mr. Stoddard, after a very careful examination, selected Queen Mab and Clip for first and second places; but he was a long time deciding between them, and ultimately awarded first to Mab and second to Clip. Neither was in the pink of condition, but Mab was greatly improved over her condition at St. Louis, having got rid of her fat. Both Mab and Clip are grand bitches, but Mab beats Clip on coat. They are marked almost exactly alike, and look enough alike to be sisters. Star, Lass o' Gowrie, and Burges' recent importation, Nilsson, a sister of Queen Mab, were each very highly commended, which they fully deserved. Star is a litter sister of Clip, and has a remarkably fine body, her chest being extraordinarily good, coat good, and a bitch of quality, but in her head she is deficient. Lass o' Gowrie, a litter sister of Temple Bar, is a blue belton, well marked, and a good all-around bitch, of much quality, and was well up to Clip for a place. She is only eighteen months old, and with another six months will be a dangerous competitor in her class. Nilsson is a capital bitch, of good form and quality, but was not in good show condition, as she had but recently weaned a litter of puppies. She is a blue belton and handsomely and evenly marked. But for the extraordinarily hot class she was in she would have shown to the front. Dodge's Rose, a daughter of Rob Roy and Viatrix, was commended. Rose looked well considering the wear and tear of her often recurring maternal duties. The Rev'd R. G. Hamilton's Judith was absent."

The italics regarding Lass o' Gowrie, being well up to Clip for a place, are used on this occasion to draw Mr. Burges' special attention to the fact that we stated the same, in substance, in the report of the show as in the case of Lass o' Gowrie.

Now, will Mr. Burges, who is peculiarly sensitive of any reflection on the character and quality of his dogs, tell us why, if our statement was not correct, he did not correct it at the time, when it appeared the week following the show, and when all the occurrences were fresh, and not wait for over a year when the facts had all passed into memory's serene and yellow leaf? Mr. Burges, of January, 1879, by his silence and acceptance of our report, does not harmonize with Mr. Burges of January, 1880, by contradicting what he then accepted as a fact. We wish Mr. Burges to understand when we state a fact, we know it to be a fact.

WISCONSIN LEGISLATION.—The legislature of Wisconsin last week passed a bill making it unlawful to keep or own a bitch without a license. It is just possible that the act secured a passage by being put on as a rider to an appropriation bill. On no other hypothesis is it supposable that the members of the Wisconsin legislature would have concurred in the passage of such an act. It is conceded by the most observing men that the promulgation of bitches is due in a great measure to the vast inequality in number between the sexes of the canine race, and that in those countries where such inequality does not exist the breed disease is very manifest. In view of this fact the act recently passed by the Badger law-makers should be entitled—An Act for the More General Diffusion of Hydrophobia. There is business for the foolkiller in the Wisconsin legislature.

CHICAGO DOGS.—The Chicago Dog Club, 239 Washington St., Boston, has commenced the publication in monthly parts, after the style of the Upland Game Birds, and Game Fishes of America, the Celebrated Dogs of America, painted from life by Alexander Pope, Jr. Each part will contain two plates 10 1/2 by 20, and an accompanying letter-press descriptive of the dogs and the points of judging of the breeds. The series will be completed in ten parts at \$2 each part. Volumes 1 and 2, which have come to hand, show the Harvard and the Blue Dog. The New York Dog Club

scholar's pointer Dan, Mr. Arthur W. Austin's mastiff, Jack, and the Big Point Kennel's Irish water spaniel, Mike. They are gems of art, and cannot but meet with popular favor. Not only are the likenesses correct, but the dogs are drawn in a most attractive and artistic manner, and are exact reproductions of the water-color paintings. Among the well known dogs which will be of the series are the St. Louis Kennel Club's Faust and Bow, Dr. Jarvis' Elcho and Rose, Mr. A. H. Moore's Berkley and Mr. Wallack's Irish wolf-dog Bevis. The work will be sold by subscription only, and Mr. Cassino desires to obtain responsible canvassers for it. As it will doubtless sell rapidly it will pay to canvass for.

THE FIELD TRIAL DERBY.—We publish in our Kennel department this issue the entries in the National American Kennel Club Field Trial Derby, up to the 8th inst. As the entries up to that date numbered thirty-one it is evident that the stake will be a rich one and well worth winning; indeed, it will doubtless be the richest stake yet run for at our field trials. As it is any dog's race until it is won, those who own a promising puppy should enter it; and, indeed, as we remarked before, those who do not intend to run a puppy should make an entry, as it is very important that field trials should be sustained, for it stimulates the breeding of superior field animals; and he who contributes to the support of them by a five dollars entry, after many days receives a bread cast upon the waters, by having placed within his reach a superior field animal. The entry fee is a small item when the object is considered, and we hope to see it so viewed by many of our readers. Entries close April 1, and should be addressed to Charles DeRonge, Sec'y N. A. K. C., 51 Broad street, New York.

THE WISCONSIN ASSOCIATION.—It was with great pleasure that during our absence we read of the formation of the Wisconsin Sportsman's Association, for which credit is due to the indefatigable efforts of the Kinnickinnick Gun Club of Milwaukee. There is much for this association to do for the protection of fish and game, and we feel confident that it will do it. We regret much that we could not accept the invitation of the Kinnickinnick Club to be present at their annual supper, at which the state association was formed, but being eight hundred and fifty miles from home, the invitation did not reach us until long after the good things eaten on the occasion had digested; but we had the gratification of reading Blue Jay's account of the good work done.

MR. LAMBERSON.—Mr. Buell Lamberson, who has been for many years connected with the Parker Bros., has resigned his position in their establishment, and connected himself with Messrs. Dayton & Hall, already established in the hardware and gun business in Portland, Oregon. Mr. Lamberson is a genial gentleman, and made many friends, who will regret the loss of the pleasure they had in meeting him during his frequent visits West, while his Eastern friends will miss his presence from among them. However, believing he will benefit himself by the change, they will, with us, wish him all the success he may desire and can have. His knowledge of the business he is engaged in is thorough, and he can not but prove a valuable acquisition to the firm he has connected himself with.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—Our correspondent, "Greenhorn," writes us from New York: "Last Tuesday, the 9th, we had an enthusiastic meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club, for the acceptance of a revised constitution and by-laws, which were unanimously adopted. Some new members were proposed to be balloted for at the next meeting. We have experienced a fearful snow storm, and cold snap. I don't know how it will effect the snipes, robins, and blue birds; you can occasionally hear a doleful chirp, and attempt at a song. From present indications we are going to enjoy one of the largest and finest dog shows ever held."

THE FARM.—To those interested in agriculture, the *Farm*, published at 87 Marlboro street, Dublin, Ireland, will be found a most valuable journal, its aim being to disseminate amongst farmers the best and most reliable knowledge in any branch of practical and scientific agriculture. In future it will be edited by Mr. Thomas B. Grant, who was for many years co-editor of the *Irish Farmer's Gazette*. It is published at 2s 6d a year.

THE NEW YORK SHOW.—The New York dog show promises to be a grand success. The number of entries is already larger than for the same period previous, to any other of the Westminster Kennel Club's shows, and still the applications for entry blanks pour in.

MR. TUCKER.—Mr. S. A. Tucker was in the city last week, on his way East from the South and Southwest, where he has been the greater portion of the winter. Mr. Tucker's shadow, like his popularity, does not grow less.

Game and Shooting.

Sportsmen's Fixtures for 1879.

- Massachusetts State Sportsmen's Association, at call of the president.
- Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, Lawrence, Kansas, May 18, 19, 20 and 21.
- Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Des Moines, Ia., June 8, 9, 10 and 11.
- Missouri State Sportsmen's Association, Macon, Mo., June, 1880.
- Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

Rough Shooting in Morocco.

In the "Merry month of May" my dog Cesar and I made a swift and pleasant journey in that snugest of steamers, the *Fez*, to our sunny home by the blue Atlantic waves.

Fighting the famine over, disease no longer rife in our streets, and only a dozen or two of emaciated forms left to remind me of the horrors that had been, I naturally lost no time in inquiring what manner of sport might be expected to gladden my ramblings.

In early June the young "blue-rocks," bred among the wild swags of the island, were already big and strong on the wing, but it was very hard to hit upon their line of flight. Probably owing to scanty crops and scarcity of water, they had to go greater distances inland to their feeding-grounds and evening drinking-places, and hence the numerous and erratic flights of their return.

As they only fly low in a high wind, and as a high wind means blinding clouds of dust and sand, it was all very well to shoot them from the shelter of the crumbling ruins of the Portuguese fort, when there was a slight passing within twenty or thirty yards of its walls every five minutes or so, as in the "good old times," but when they all, by one salutary instinct, agreed

to give the old fort a wide berth, and when hardly any two flights took the same line to a hundred yards or so, then it was "not good enough" for Cesar and his master to crouch for hours on the open beach, in a blinding, stifling, choking drift of sand, to be rewarded sometimes by a brace of blue rocks, sometimes to enter the town gates "bredouille," as dear old Jules would say.

There was always a flock of black ducks in the bay, but they were presumably fishy; moreover, the same causes which militated against solitary sea-fishing also deterred me from cruising in the cranky old turtle after those provoking palmpedes.

The partridges, so said the country Moors, had nested late, and the young birds were but "cheepers" in June; whereas I had in former seasons known many of them to be strong on the wing in May. Moreover, many of the rural population, being still "hard up" for corn and out of work, continuous raids had been made on the nests of the unfortunate red-legs, and their eggs had been brought into the Mogador market by hundreds, purchased without scruple by Moors and Jews, even by some unsportsmanlike Europeans, who pronounced them to be as good as plover's eggs.

Almost dry was the sandy surface of my favorite "lagoon," stretching along in smooth expanse, with scanty patches of mud and marsh—outside the town gardens, rendered rank and fertile by irrigation, from the peaceful Moslem God's Acre, with its cluster of palm trees near the Morocco Gate, to the open Jewish graveyard by the blue waves outside the Bab Douqalla—and far away, with island of hammocks in the midst, to the base of the ever-shifting hills of golden sand. So for two months strolls round this favorite shooting-ground of mine, commencing within five minutes' walk of my house, would produce nothing more than a casual brace of bonny redshank, a passing pigeon, or, perchance, a plover; though I could have killed numbers of pretty sandpipers, and such "small deer," which would continually hop about and feed confidently on the mud within ten or twelve yards of me and Cesar, who took no more notice of the "dear little dicky-birds" (from a slaughtering point of view) than his master.

Did I prolong my walk over the rough rock-ledges by the shore, lulled by the resonant music of its ceaseless surge, there, at suitable states of the tide, could I find a few whimbrel and grey plover, which took a good deal of stalking to get within shot of, with plenty of turnstones, always left in place to their crustacean or molluscan diet, and cormorants, shags, and gulls, either flying temptingly overhead or swimming on the ruffled surface of some neighboring creek.

Taking to the winding camel-track along the cliffs toward Safi, with their few patches of ice-plant, and their curious petrifications of intertwining shrub roots, strolling gently along, with frequent greetings from traders, traveling Mogadorwards with lagging camel trains, from keen-eyed, wiry Arab hunters with long, quaint guns, I would come now and then on a little cluster of blue pigeons pecking among the camels' droppings, or a pretty turtle-dove or crested hoopoe would take short flights from rock to rock.

Roaming over lowly sandhills, I one afternoon came suddenly on a handsome jackal, but he popped into his hole, which was "convenient," before I could get my gun to my shoulder.

Near the said hole I found feathery remains of a couple of young black ducks and sundry other birds, with a bit of fur, apparently of a leveret; and passing over the ridge and looking on to the next little depression among the hills, I suddenly saw a human skull grinning at me, and, advancing to the spot, found the complete skeleton of a woman, with a bit of rope round the neck, and not a shred of clothing near. This told a sad tale of the famine times a few months back, when murders of women and children, for a few poor rags of clothing by men desperate with hunger, were of only too frequent occurrence. A few days later I saw the same jackal, or another, stealing through the high walled fence of a melon garden; but again he was too sharp for me. They may be shot and some nice skins secured by anyone who will take the trouble to watch for them at night, near some tempting bait.

Toward the beginning of August things began to improve. Although, of course, no rain fell, there were many new arrivals on the lagoon, in the shape of red-shank, green-shank, and some larger waders. To the rocks came numbers of most estimable whimbrel, warier gray plovers, oyster catchers, and other birds. I esteemed these Autumn whimbrel specially because they had been bred evidently far from the haunts of gunning man, but they had in other respects taken excellent care of themselves, would let me approach within forty, thirty yards, or even nearer, before they rose; they were fairly cased in fat, and most excellent eating.

Wandering shorewards one day, a piscatorial Moor from Diabat hastened up to tell me that he knew where two big ducks were feeding. Eagerly I hastened along with my guide, and found, by a little pool beside an old deserted garden-house, not duck, indeed, but a couple of black ibis, which I speedily secured, and sent their skins soon afterward to London.

Soon afterward my eyes were gladdened by the sight of a big flock of widgeon on the open lagoon. I did my best to stalk them, but could not get nearer than eighty yards. I always fire at ducks when they are "in the same parish," so I gave them both barrels as they rose. Shot being No. 5 and gun an ordinary cylinder, it did not "fetch" any of them.

But in October, after a single heavy shower of rain, toward the end of September, had surprised and gladdened us, then the blissful sportsman in that free, sunny land where both game license and gun license are unknown, where there is no law of trespass, where he can wander freely at his own sweet will, and shoot at whatever he pleases, might say with that genial veteran Lord William Lennox, "Here's sport indeed!" Then did birds of many a feather gather thickly on the broad lagoon, hard by the walls of our pleasant old town; then did blue pigeons and soft gray doves fly from garden to garden, and black ducks cluster more thickly on the shining blue waters of our bay.

Then it was that, making delightful rambles with dear old Cesar and a keen-eyed, eager young companion, wandering in the charming freedom of bare-leggedness over the soft sands toward Diabat, meeting dark-eyed peasant women and weary wood-gatherers, who all had a pleasant greeting and a pious blessing for the well-known "master of the dog," passing the camel caravans wending their way slowly "over the hills and far away" toward wild and distant Wadnoon, stopping for a chat with many an Arab *confere*, we would come upon ducks and teal, not quite unstalkable, among the sandhills by the first bend of the river; and, farther on, where brown camels browsed amid the thorny, dark-green brushwood that clothed the lofty hillsides, in the valleys where the stream flowed peacefully between glades of glossy-leaved oleanders with a wealth of fair pink blossom, never walked far without coming upon ducks, or teal, or coots, or moorhens, besides plenty of less estimable birds.

Pleasant, then, were the incidents of our rough sport, commencing perhaps with a whimbrel, dropped into a melon-garden hard by the aqueduct. Anon I might see a couple of sand-grouse alight by the banks of the Oued-el-Ghorel, just before that quaint little river got utterly swallowed up by the thirsty sands.

A careful approach; up gets one out of range, the other follows when I am within forty yards; and the fat, heavy, beautifully-plumaged bird is soon picked up by honest Cesar, as it flops on

the moist sand. Farther on, near the palm trees, pomegranate shrubs, cucumber patches, and maize plots of the "Emperor's Garden," up rises suddenly a grey old heron from the long sedge at the corner, tempting me irresistibly to a futile shot.

But I should not lightly pass over the delicious *al fresco* second breakfast we had just before, reclining on the smooth sward by the pellucid basin of the sand springs, where big hawks wheeled in the blue empyrean above us, or perched on ancient boulders amid the glowing sand, and little yellow wagtails bustled about on cool beds of water plants; while Cesar dealt dismay and destruction among the froggy tribe in the beds of succulent young water-cress, which made so healthful an adjunct to our pleasant but frugal meal of bread and cheese and grapes. Another halt anon beneath the biggest palm-tree of the Emperor's Garden, then a splash and a scurry after three wary coots, in a long shallow pool amid the gleaming oleanders. A heron missed, a couple of jeweled kingfishers admired, a passing bluecock bowled over; onward and upward, past a cliff famed as a nesting-place for falcons and a halt for bibulous pigeons, whereof a little blue cloud flies away over the myrtles and wild olives at our approach, while a couple of eagles soar over the valley. Then at a corner, where feathery shrubs meet overhead, and droop graceful boughs into the deep dark water, firing hastily at a diving coot, on flies a widgeon, which I miss. "Missed him clean," cries young C. "Something in the water, I fancy—hie in, Cesar!" A plunge, a short, swift swim, and Cesar emerges with a fine coot. Standing pensively by the stream's margin, while C. ties the coot to the other bird, I espy something else floating on the smooth water beneath the dark-follied bushes. Obedient, Cesar hastens in again, and brings out a widgeon, killed accidentally by the same shot as the coot. Now following, now crossing the bed of the river, with a refreshing wade here, a thorny scramble there, we pass the slender white columns, graceful Moorish arches and crumbling walls of an old Summer-house in a rank luxuriance of vegetation, beyond which we come to more "ducky" corners, to thick covers swarming with partridges, and finally to our terminus, Pigeon Hill. Here flocks of the blue-rocks are continually arriving and departing, perching sometimes in an old fig-tree half way up the rough and lofty hill, but more often settling on the upper ledges of the cliff. Anyone desirous of regular pigeon shooting can take up his station here for a few hours with the certainty of sport, while the partridge-shooter will find innumerable coveys of red-legs all over the neighboring rough ground. Here and there a hare gives a hasty snap shot, or the furry form of an ichneumon creeps lowly on the ground, soothing notes of turtle doves sound from many a tree and shrub, basking tortoises tumble from warm rocks into cool water with many a startling splash. The sand near the top of Pigeon Hill grows so hot that I have to beat a hasty retreat from it, and give up the idea of retreating a pigeon which had fallen thereabouts, the "bag" becomes heavy, and we wearily, yet happily, turn our faces toward, to be refreshed when we emerge from the pleasant valley of the Oued-el-Ghorel by the sweet sea breeze that rustles over the crisp blue waves of our bay.

A spoonbill duck, a snipe, and a teal, bagged within ten minutes' walk of the town walls, gratified me on another lovely October day.

Another time, as the usual trio progressed up the sandy river bed beyond Diabat, a pretty little Arab maiden, tending goats on the hillside, informed me that there were some "big ducks" in the water among the sandhills on the opposite side.

Careful was the *circumbendibus* I made, elaborate the stalk, crawling with utmost deliberation over the soft hot sand. But I had slightly miscalculated the spot, and, as I peered eagerly over the last sandhill by the water, up with a splash and a startled "honk, honk!" rose a flock of nine "ruddy geese," at about forty yards instead of twenty, as they might have done if I had stalked them right. But I dropped one into the water, winged, and he made such a show of fight that old Cesar would not tackle him, but waited for me to come up, barking furiously round my handsome prize.

How we got among perfect swarms of big red-legged partridges; how many of them were too lazy to fly far, but ran on the sandy hill slope or dodged into bushes close by; how pigeons were more than usually numerous on the famous old hill, but I contented myself with two braces of them, because I had very few cartridges left; how we met some ducks quite near the town on our return, but my stalk was spoiled by some stupid Moors; how I became keenly alive to the fact that the whole valley and the neighboring hills were swarming with game; how I killed my first snipe for the season by the border of the lagoon, and saw others at various grassy bends of the river, flitting about as confidently as sandpipers; how I cruised about in a little Berthon boat, the sea having grown smooth, amid the flocks of sea duck on the bay; how, with the genial commander of the *Fez*, I went over to the rocky corner of the island, and there we captured, with long rods and fine tackle, divers bream and mullet, and wrasse; how all these varied pleasures were of daily and easy access, I will not describe at greater length, lest I weary the editor and tantalize the reader. Nor will I enter into details of the boar hunting and the really good partridge shooting obtained by certain friends of mine a little further inland, nor of the bustard, antelope, and other *fera*, by his yarns concerning which a keen sportsman resident at Casablanca made my mouth water.

Rather will I appeal to the sympathetic reader for pity, inasmuch as "circumstances over which I have no control" have compelled me to quit those "scenes so charming," and to hasten to the chilly, damp, and uncongenial atmosphere of London in November, indulging daily in a saddened retrospect of "the game I left behind me."—SARCELLE, in *London Field*.

Four Months in the Northwest.

THIRD MONTH.

CHICAGO, ILL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—The third day was barren of results, so far as game was concerned, with the exception of four or five jack-rabbits; we saw plenty of fresh signs of quite a herd of antelopes, but they all seemed to go toward the center of the hills instead of to the water. Toward night we discovered the cause, in the shape of twelve or fifteen Indians, who had been hunting on the south side of the hills, and it is said that deer and antelopes can smell an Indian farther than they can any other wild animal. We purchased what pelts they had and grew quite friendly with them; they were of the Winnebago tribe, living on a reservation south of Sioux City, Iowa, but across the river in Nebraska. They were quite intelligent, speaking English fluently. They proposed a night hunt for deer in a swamp about five or six miles away on the Niobrara river bottom. This being comparatively a new method to us, we gladly accepted their invitation and provided ourselves with a fire-jack, such as is used in fishing with a spear, which we had brought with us. The Indians had a rudely constructed substitute for one, but were better provided than ourselves in the matter of light, having a great quantity of pine and fir knots, thoroughly dry, and soaked in a mixture of turpentine and kerosene, while we had brought along plenty of candle-wicking and tallow, which after being saturated with oil or turpentine gives nearly as good a light as the knots, but not quite so bright and making much more of a

smudge, which proved more beneficial to us in one respect, as the mosquitoes (which are fat and healthy in this section) did not bother us very seriously. We let "Big Tom" do the arranging, as he knew the lay of the land and the run-aways, or "licks," as he called them. He divided the company of eight into two parties of four each, taking charge of one party himself and giving the other in charge of Sim. We separated about sunset, one party going to the upper end of the swamp and the other to the lower end. I was fortunate enough to get in Tom's party (which was not a bad crowd), and to the upper end we started. The swamp consisted of a long, rather narrow strip of marshy ground; on one side the river and on the other a slough with a neck at either end, not passable for a horse, but a man by careful manipulation and jumping from bog to bog, could get on the island proper. Once on the island, we found it almost impenetrable, being covered with willow, grape vines, and thorn bushes. The soil being sandy these varieties of shrubs grow luxuriantly. We moved very quietly along in Indian file for some distance, Tom leading. Now, I have seen dark nights and been in dark places (and my ways are not vain or peculiar) but this was blacker than a chorus of black cats in a dark alley on a dark night. The fog rising from the water, in addition to the bushes and the cloudy sky, made it impossible to see anything. Tom finally stopped to examine the lay, struck his flint and punk wood and carefully examined the borders of a small pond. Evidently his discovery was not satisfactory, as he came back, and, without a word, extinguished his light and moved on, a question from Doc regarding his labors only brought a grunt and a cautionary "sh. sh." Shortly, he stopped again, and repeated his former movement, this time with more success, as a broad smile illumined his face, and he lighted his jack and his pipe, stationed us in different places along the border of a very shallow pond of perfectly clear water, free from weeds, and took the jack in hand himself and said, "Plenty deer, boys, but you must keep 'er quiet." We waited and waited, the silence at times being so oppressive that I could hear my own heart beat, and my hair rise on end. This lasted till eleven o'clock, I should judge, the silence only broken occasionally by night birds, and what I took to be an owl, which uttered a sound between a whistle and shrill cry. When any new sound was heard I watched Tom, being next to him, but nothing in his countenance (plainly visible by the bright light of the fire) indicated what his thoughts were, or that he expected anything or anybody. The call, as it afterwards proved to be, was uttered by a magnificent buck who was calling his two female friends; it came nearer and nearer; finally the sound of crashing twigs and rustling leaves made us prick up our ears, and all turn to Tom, but not a muscle of his face moved, or gave indication that he heard the sounds which so much excited us. Now Tom being the leader, had the first choice of shots, and had instructed us beforehand not to shoot till after he did, and when this most beautiful specimen of the king of all game made his appearance on the other margin of the pond, directly opposite and about one hundred and fifty feet away it required more nerve-controlling power than I possessed to keep quiet, and more than once I fingered the hammer of my "Scott," wondering all the while why in thunder that Injun didn't "take it in." The buck stood for fully two minutes gazing at the bright light, finally stepped a few feet in the water, scrutinized the light again, then raised his head, and uttered that shrill cry, which once heard by a person is never forgotten. By this time I was so much excited that I could not have hit the side of a barn, even if I had been "held up" under the eaves, and there was Tom, the perfect image of the stone man from Kansas. I turned my head to see where Doc was, and even so far away, I imagined I could see him tremble, but the suspense, which to us seemed ages, finally ended by the appearance of two does who came so quietly that we never heard them. They came to the water evidently as much surprised as their male companion. One of them came to the side of the buck and playfully laid her head over his back, then Tom's gun rang out in the still night air, and we three were not far behind, and the fun commenced. One doe was killed outright, the other went away on three legs, and the buck began a dance which compelled everybody to give him the floor, if not the entire neighborhood. We, that is, Doc and myself, were for giving him another shot, but Tom ran this professional matinee to suit himself, and said, "White man goose. Why no follow odder deer!" Now, following "odder deer" in daylight might be fine sport, but in a dark night like this was anything else. Tom struck out, and we followed some distance behind, and I must admit the distance grew as we progressed, the briars and thorns making sad havoc on our faces, and so pe foraging our clothing that we looked like men-of-war. Doc and myself finally gave up in disgust, and in the darkness mutually hankered for the camp, at the same time thanking Tom for following the deer, but not for leaving us in a place on the other side of nowhere in a wilderness the whereabouts we knew not of. We waited, listening all the while for some sound to tell us where we were "not." Matches, tobacco and pipes, and ague-medicine having been left at the jack, we were becoming chilly, and we not knowing the points of compass, were in not first class shape, so we waited in the dark, listening meanwhile to the plaintive warble of the guns of our friends at the other end of the island. Arriving at camp we found they had captured one doe and seen several others, but either their shooting was poor or the distance too great, for this was all the luck they had.

Presently we heard Tom returning, apparently heavy laden; and then he showed us the fruits of his tramp, the doe he had followed, and she was a beauty, he and his cur dog had followed her away into the wild rice and rushes where she was easily captured; and right here I may state that these Indian cur dogs beat anything else in the dog line for tracking and mounting game. They are the most disagreeable kind of dog, a cross between the commonest kind of cur and, well, nothing expresses it the nearest of anything, living on the refuse of any thing the Indians can't eat, and what they don't eat a hog will turn up his nose at; poorly fed and worse treated, it's a wonder to any one they work at all, but they do duty. When on a pilgrimage the squaws harness them up with a breast strap and a back saddle and two long poles fastened together forming a pair of thills, and then load them with furs, pelts, and other things, including generally a papoose, the squaw always carrying the teepee poles and other necessities, the "buck" walking majestically in front with his gun and perhaps two or three pounds of ammunition, and his pipe that "he has always with him." Then the dogs have to hunt their supper, or dinner, as the case may be.

We returned to camp with our spoils. Meantime a disagreeable rain had set in, making traveling anything but pleasant. This rain, which lasted three days and nights, was a kind of storm, a specialty of this country, and in winter is what is known as a "blizzard," and, as in the present case, when one drop of rain was a barrel full, made us think of home. Hans had made everything secure, also a trench for running off the water, and for three days we were like Jonah of old, pretty closely confined. The second night we had quite an adventure with wolves. The dogs had been very uneasy all the evening, and occasionally we could hear the barking of the coyotes; a sharp, shrill cry once in a while a heavier, coarser voice would sound, showing the coyotes had company. After we had gone to bed, Sim aroused us, with the information that something was "going through" our provisions. We donned

our rubber coats and let our Indian cur loose, and such a stampede you never saw. About six or seven coyotes and two gray wolves had got onto our venison and pelts, and already had done considerable damage; they made quite a fight, too, with the dog, but a few shots frightened two of them so badly they couldn't get over it. We got their scalps, that is one little one and one a gray wolf; the bounty on their scalps \$3.00 and \$1.75, paid for the meat and hides they had stolen.

The coyote *Canis latrans*, or prairie-wolf, is of a dull yellowish gray in the upper parts, running downwards into a dirty white. It stands about two feet in height and is fleet of foot. They have a mixed, snapping bark and a shrill, owl-like howl, and are great cowards, but sharp thieves when led by the more savage gray wolf.

In another paper I will give an account of our fun on the Mission and Jim river.

HARRY GILBERT.

Quail Shooting in California.

LEADVILLE, COL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—In the Fall of '68 or '69 a party of four sportsmen, all at that time residents of Yreka, Siskiyou Co., concluded to take a hand at the quails, and having been informed by a mutual friend, Mr. Nels Cash, that the quails on his rancho in Shasta Valley, eighteen miles from Yreka, were so abundant that they actually destroyed part of his crops, and that he wished us to come and hunt them, we agreed to go out there. His rancho is located in a beautiful vale at the foot of the mountain, a short distance west from Sheep Rock, and about four miles north of the Big Springs in the Cedars; joining Cash's rancho is the rancho of Mr. George Miller. The two ranches occupy the little valley, which is about three-fourths of a mile in length and not over half a mile wide at the widest. On both sides is rising ground, and the mountain is within a short distance of Miller's house. The valley is sloping south, and a small mountain rivulet is wending down through both ranches, along which there is a strong growth of willows. Scattered in various parts of these fields, where the soil is not under cultivation, is heavy sage brush and bunches of rank grass, some rocky places, etc., affording most excellent shelter for the quails. Besides the little stream there are several springs on Cash's rancho, and a bog where a few snipes and an occasional duck can be found. The four sportsmen were: Jerome Churchill, Esq., Wm. Stine, Esq., Henry Wadsworth, Esq., and the writer. At about half after six o'clock in the morning, equipped with all essentials for a good day's sport, we started in two buggies from Yreka, and arrived at Cash's rancho at half past 9 o'clock, and it was 10 o'clock when we commenced our hunt. Close to Cash's house is a spring, where the willows are very thick and close, and from which we started a small covey of quails, but as our main sport laid along the creek above, we did not delay, but went straight for the willows, about two hundred yards distant, and as soon as the lower edge was reached, Mr. Stine, who, with Mr. Churchill, was a little ahead, opened with his right and left, and next Mr. Churchill's two barrels, they bagging three quails at the first fire. It must here be mentioned that we all used muzzle-loading guns—two Wm. Greener's, a 10 and a 16-gauge, an Express, 14-gauge, and a French gun, 12-gauge. By the time that Stine and Churchill had reloaded, Mr. Wadsworth and a Mr. "F." had joined us, and taking our course along the creek, Mr. C. and W. on one side, Mr. Stine and myself on the other, and taking shots about, the cannonading commenced in earnest. Our dogs were rather unruly and often flushed the quails too far ahead of the hunters, but bang, bang, went the guns as fast as four eager sportsmen could load and our dogs retrieve, and for an hour and a half we had as fine sport as anyone could wish for, as the quails were mostly following the willows along the creek; but as the willows became less thick, Mr. Wadsworth and myself left our friends S. and C. who continued along the creek toward Miller's house, and we took along a dry gully with willows and sagebrush, where a ditch was winding around, and found plenty of quails to occupy our attention, while our comrades also had plenty to do. After being driven from the willows and scattered the quails laid very good to the dogs, and we had most excellent shooting, as the sage is low and in no way obstructs the sight. Along the willows, however, there is almost all snap-shooting, and it is marvelous how quick the quails are over the tops and out of sight. To be a crack quail shot requires great practice and skill, and a novice will get but a poor bag. At a little before one o'clock we started for the rancho to have our lunch and to empty our game bags and pockets, which counted upward of forty quails each. Many were the jokes cracked while lunching, and the writer was particularly congratulated by his friends on account of the strength of his lungs, which were freely exercised in order to keep a young unruly brute from flushing the game until told to do so. There can be nothing more annoying than to have game flushed out of reach, and at a time when loading and unprepared for a shot. My dog Dash, a setter of good blood, being rather indifferently broken and very eager, would rush in whenever he had a chance, and was high spirited and not easily controlled. But on that day even the old steady dogs would break away and receive a good whipping, over and over again.

This lunch over we again took the field, and for another two hours and a half we continued our sport with good success. At about four o'clock p. m., we came back to the rancho, and counted in all two hundred and fifty-four quails, about a dozen each of English snipes and rabbits, and a couple of ducks, the bags being nearly evenly balanced by the four. We could, perhaps, have bagged fifty rabbits during the day, but we only shot them on our way back to the rancho. We drove back to Yreka and reached town at dusk, having driven by daylight thirty-six miles in one day and bagged 290 heads of game. When next I met Mr. Cash, he told me that the day after our visit he found an number of dead quails scattered over his fields, which we had failed to find.

During a residence of nineteen years in California, I have had many a fine day's sport at hunting quails, particularly the small California quail, commonly called the "valley quail," to distinguish it from the crested quail, often called the mountain quail, from the fact that it rarely descends to the valleys, and then never at any distance from the hills,—but never with such success as on the visit to Mr. Cash's rancho, on the occasion stated above. Every Fall for several years succeeding, we—the same four of us—visited the same ground, and always had fair success; but our first great success becoming generally known, many sportsmen took occasion to hunt, even before the hunting season opened, as well as after, and the quails were never found so numerous afterward.

While writing of the quails of California I will here relate a very singular habit of the crested or mountain quail, which, if ever related by Doctor Heerman or any other ornithologist, has never come under the writer's observation and notice.

The mountain quails of California are very shy birds, and particularly difficult to follow, from the fact that they run very swiftly, and almost invariably up hill. They are therefore seldom pursued, unless where there is fresh snow, that the tracks can be followed. I have never met with much success hunting these quails except at one time, which I shall relate.

Going out one morning from Yreka late in the Fall to hunt quails, I sighted a crested quail running into a thick bunch of willows at a small flat below and near the creek. Knowing the habits of these quails of always taking to the hills, I immediately took position above the said willows, and then sent my dog in. Immediately there was a start of a single quail, which I killed, and which my dog brought after I had reloaded. Thinking there might be another quail in the willows, I again sent Dash in, and this time there came two, both of which I also killed. Having again reloaded and bagged these two, another quail having got away while loading, I sent the dog again to the willows, and again bagged one quail. In this manner I killed from the same place fourteen mountain quails from a covey of seventeen. But now, of the peculiar habit of this quail which I wish to relate. On the day after a fall of snow I went to hunt mountain quails, and after finding their track I followed it very carefully until I spied the covey through some chaparral, fully forty yards ahead of me, and being close together I concluded to fire in among them, which I did, killing and wounding four. To my surprise, the balance did not fly, but on the contrary several of the quails not wounded attacked a couple of the wounded most severely. I was so astonished at the occurrence that I became a spell-bound observer of the very curious behavior of the quails, and so persistent was the attack that it was kept up until I had my gun reloaded and again emptied into the covey, when the quails not killed flew away.

I related the above incident after returning from the hunt and was told that several other parties had seen the same thing happen during their hunting experience.

A friend of mine, now a resident of Jacksonville, Oregon, by the name of Henry Pape, said it had happened to him, but only when he was hidden from the sight of the quails, as was the case with myself. If this extraordinary behavior of the birds have ever been related, which I very much doubt, it may bear to be repeated. But these quails are so seldom pursued and observed that but very little is known of their habits, at least as far as the writer knows.

ORLOFF NORMAN.

THANKS.—Windsor, Ont.—Editor Chicago Field:—At a meeting of the Windsor Gun Club, Thursday evening last, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: proposed by F. Hanson and seconded by P. C. Pouting, that Dr. N. Rowe, the editor of the CHICAGO FIELD, be enrolled as an honorary member of this club. Trusting you will honor us by accepting the same.

JOSEPH MARENTETTE, Secretary.

Notes.

MISSOURI VALLEY, IOWA, March 18, 1880.—The poor ducks and geese surely made a mistake in starting on their northward journey this Spring. Spring did I say? Mercury 20° below zero, and call it Spring! We think that the maker of our almanac must have been born and bred in a more genial climate than this. Be that as it may, our ducks and geese held a council and decided to postpone their northward journey for the present, and on the 12th and 13th most of them returned to home and friends once more way down in Dixie. It commenced snowing here on the evening of the 12th, and kept it up most of the time until the evening of the 13th, with considerable wind and increasing cold all the time, and this morning the mercury stood 20° below zero, and every lake and slough frozen up tight for the next ten days. Verily, the poor duck has a hard time of it, for this is the third time they have concluded to return to their Winter home this season. The sportsmen here have had shells loaded and packed, and guns, etc., ready for the last two weeks to make an onslaught on the ducks, but the ice in the lakes wasted away too slowly, so that the ducks didn't come into them in any numbers, but stayed on the sand bars along the Missouri river. Now the guns can hang up for awhile longer; but when the ducks do come, I expect they will meet with a warmer reception than they would ask for if left to them. By the way, E. F. James, of our club, has just received a new E. C. Green 10-gauge 9½-pound gun, and the way he steps around and the smile on his face says: "Boys, that club badge is mine on the 25th," and if he don't get it, the boys will all want to smoke. As far as heard from, the quails and chickens have not suffered by this late cold and storm.

QUINNEBAUG.

MADISON, WIS., March 10, 1880.—If I could find out who your correspondent "Doc" is I would like to give him a "breeze" as the boys say. I feel as though game laws were made in vain in Wisconsin, at least in this part of it, for right here in this city of Madison, on Pinkney street this morning, at the door of a shop, hung about twenty mallards for sale. I inquired where they were killed; the answer was, "Here on the lakes," and yet men claiming to be sportsmen pass them by, and nothing done. I am not a resident of this city or county, and cannot afford to get into a lawsuit, as I cannot afford to attend to adjournments and other delays, as car fare and hotel bills would soon beat my little pile, but I am a law-abiding man and love to shoot as well as any man living, but I cannot afford to break the law to gratify my taste in that line, as I claim to be a sportsman, and want to act like one. I am anxious to see what Madison sportsmen will do in this matter. I know what I would do if I was a resident here.

COLA.

NORTH EASTHAM, MASS., March 8, 1880.—We are having a very mild Spring; birds are fast returning North. Some two weeks ago I saw large flocks of robins and blue birds, and black martins can now be seen in large numbers. Some brant have been killed on the cape within the past week. I was told Saturday that snipe had been seen, and to-day I hitched up and drove some three miles to a meadow and was rewarded by finding two birds. They laid well to the dog and proved to be in good condition. If the weather continues warm we shall look for some good snipe shooting very soon.

WOODCOCK.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., March 11, 1880. I have had a little pleasure along with good business lately at Paducah, Ky. March 2 I bagged thirteen snipes and one rail, in company with Mr. Soule, a druggist of that place. At Danville Ill., the 8th inst., I bagged nine snipes and two rabbits in company with Chas. Dennis of our company; these were the first snipes shot this season at either place. To-day I was out with a strong friend of your paper, Mr. George Hayden, of this place, agent for the meritorious Green Gun, but it was not a good day for snipe; at least we did not find it so.

J. H. M.

CINCINNATI, O.—At the meeting of the Cuvier Club Saturday evening, Col. L. A. Harris presented a report of the condition of the club, which showed \$5,000 in the treasury, and membership larger than could be accommodated in the present quarters. W. M. Cameron, James Gordon, E. G. Webster, H. H. Tinker, and Benj. Robinson were appointed a committee to consider the future location of the club. President Harris was added to the committee. The importation of 200 Messina quails has been ordered. The club will soon build a fine club house, but is not located yet. The collection of game birds is improving wonderfully.

LIMBURG.

A RARE CHANCE.—A rare chance is offered to obtain one of the hardest shooting trap and duck guns—used but very little—good as new—ten bore. F. P. Taylor, 70 East Madison St., Chicago.—(Adv.)

KENNEL, Continued from Page 87.

than a week after a deerhound ate of the entrails of a number of salmon trout, although perfectly healthy before, he died.

I could cite and vouch for a number of instances where valuable dogs (and some not so valuable) have been killed from the effects of eating of salmon.

Should you want anything more on this point, which you seemed to think a good joke, in the article I referred to, I will be happy to furnish you with any information in my power; but, Mr. Editor, should you ever come to this coast to indulge in a little shooting, and bring a favorite dog with you, I would not advise you to let him or her, as the case may be, indulge in a meal of raw salmon, or you would not be inclined thereafter to doubt the accuracy of the articles, that were not written to win the "big hook."

WM. LANG CHAPMAN.

Recent Importations.

RIVAL, ETC.—The Toledo Kennel Club received March 11, by the steamer City of Richmond, one brace of beagle hounds, Riva and Reckless, purchased through C. T. Fauntleroy, Devon, England. The dog Rival is by Barron out of Racket. Barron was awarded H. C. at Birmingham, 1879. He is by Jackson's Bugler out of his Ransom. Racket, first, Birmingham, 1879, by Baffler out of Racket; Baffler is by Lord Brownlow's Monark out of a bitch of Sir Vincent Corbet's. The bitch Reckless is by Factor out of Famous. Mr. Fauntleroy says she is of a breed that he has known and used in Sussex thirty years ago; they have never been shown, but bred with great care for work. Rival he considers the best dog he has seen in a long time. Both will be at the coming New York show.

MADGE.—On Feb. 10, the Toledo Kennel Club received by steamer City of Richmond, through the agency of C. T. Fauntleroy, Devon, England, the Gordon setter bitch Madge. She is very handsome, being perfect in tan markings and with a soft glossy coat. She is well broken, having run in Puppy Stakes, Shrewsbury, 1876, she by Blossom (5090 E. K. C. S. B.) out of Ruby (late Bell, 4334 E. K. C. S. B.). Madge is the dam of some noted good ones, having been bred twice in England. Although not in her best coat, she will be at the New York show in April. Madge has not been shown at any show up to this time.

DASHING LION.—By the Inman steamer City of Montreal, on her last trip, Mr. D. C. Sanborn, of Baltimore, Mich., received from Mr. Llewellyn the Llewellyn setter Dashing Lion, by Dash II, out of Leda. Dashing Lion is a blue belton, very handsomely marked, and is a finely made and very handsome dog. He is yet but little more than a puppy, but is remarkably developed for his age. Mr. Sanborn will put him into training for the Fall trials, and he will probably be seen later at the shows, at which we predict he will occupy no insignificant place.

DUKE.—Mr. A. H. Moore has imported the champion Gordon setter dog Duke, formerly the property of T. Richards and the winner over all other dogs of his strain in England during the last three years, his winnings numbering over forty prizes, including champions and seven silver cups. From a private letter we understand he was regarded as the finest Gordon setter dog in England.

BELLE II.—Mr. A. H. Moore received by steamer Indiana, last week, the small pointer bitch Belle II., own sister to Mr. Lloyd Price's Bow Belle, purchased from R. P. Leach, England. She whelped the day before her arrival, on the steamer, six—four dogs and two bitches—by Mr. Edward C. Norrich's Donald, first prize winner Birmingham, 1879.

BOB.—In our notice, in our last issue, of the purchase and importation of the Gordon setter dog Bob by Mr. A. H. Moore we omitted to mention that he was the winner of a second and first at Birmingham, a first at Alexandra Palace, 1879, and first Kennel Club's Winter show, Brighton, 1879, besides other prizes.

DASHING RAKE, ETC.—The Montview Kennel received on Friday last, in fair condition, the Llewellyn setters Dashing Rake, Count Nallor and Dashing Plover, which we mentioned last week had been purchased and were en route from Mr. Llewellyn's kennel.

EIGHTEEN MORE.—Mr. A. H. Moore is importing eighteen more dogs besides those recently arrived, among them several Cocker spaniels.

MONA, ETC.—Mr. A. H. Moore has imported the Gordon setter bitches Mona, Nell and Bess.

Aconite in Distemper, Etc.

PIERMONT ON HUDSON, N. Y.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—It is some time since I have written to you or the CHICAGO FIELD, but now please accept my thanks for giving the sportsmen of America so good a paper with so much information at so reasonable price.

The article on "Aconite in Distemper" alone is worth several years' subscription. I have prescribed it in several cases with the best results, notably, that of a setter belonging to a brakeman on the Erie Railway, with the expectation that the dog would live but a few days. In a week the dog was well except being rather thin and weak, and is now as well as can be.

Your reports of field trials and bench shows are first-class, because reliable.

Your gun trial verified my experience that rather fine powder was best for covert-shooting; and it was also a good thing for the gun dealers that had large stocks of heavy guns on hand, as the report of the London gun trial was causing a demand for light guns.

I often think of poor Flake, and that you said he was the best pointer puppy you had ever seen, and I think, take him all in all for the field, the bench, the house or for stock purposes, he was the best small pointer in the world. I have one of his grandsons by Rush—Romp, and a good one, he is; the best pointer to face briars I ever saw.

Poor Milo was poisoned about a year ago. Dr. Banker's Ned, I believe the last of his pups out of Ruby, jumped out of a window he was chained near and was strangled; he was a rare good one, although I thought him the worst in the litter. The bitch and the dog pup you got I thought much the best. I heard both of them died. My wife sticks to it if she had had the care of the bitch she would have raised her. I hope your CHICAGO FIELD will continue to be as successful in the future as the past, and that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you at the New York bench show.

W. F. STEEL.

Fish-Berries for Fleas.

NEW YORK.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Please accept the following in the spirit in which it is meant. You are frequently asked what to use as a "flea" exterminator. You say crude petroleum is very good. When again asked "what to put on dogs to rid them of fleas?" tell them for my sake, and the sake of dog kind, to use fish-berry liquor. The berry may have another name. It is about the size of a pea and nearly black. They were used formerly for killing fish—hence the name.

For a large kennel put one pint of berries to half a gallon of whisky—apple jack preferred—let soak till it gets strong with the berry. If for immediate use, mash a few berries and put in a pint of whisky, let soak for an hour, or over night. It is well to mash a few of the berries even when putting in a larger quantity. Pour it on the dog from the eyes to the tail, and rub in thoroughly. If fleas are very bad, and you want to make short work of them, put some on the throat and between the fore legs.

There need be no fear of poisoning the dogs, as they will not lick themselves. If you cannot find the berry in the Western drug-stores, I will send you a quantity to make a trial of.

F. E. R.

CROWDING DUCK.—Dayton, Ohio.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—I see in this week's CHICAGO FIELD an article asking the good people not to crowd Duck. Now, I for one (I suppose he refers to me) never intended to crowd Duck, and I think you will bear me out in it, if you will look at my letter claiming the names for the pup. The mistake was this: I claimed the names for the red Irish puppies Con, Spike and Nan, by Howard's Bragg, out of my Dot. Bragg and Dot are litter brother and sister, both being by Stoddard's Bob, out of Stoddard's Duck. Your paper had the puppies by Bob out of Duck, and I neglected to correct the mistake. Now, if you will be kind enough to set me right with Fair Play (also Duck) you will oblige

JOHN W. HARRIES.

A GOOD OPPORTUNITY.—A kennelman and trainer, just from England, with five years' good reference from Mr. Llewellyn, wants a situation. This is a good opportunity for those wanting such a man. See his advertisement among wants and exchanges.

Names Claimed.

SIR EDMUND BURKE, ETC.—Mr. M. Heller, Monroeville, Ind., claims the following names for whelps by Druid, out of his Ruby: Dogs—Sir Edmund Burke, black, white and tan; Benj. H. Hill, black and white; Charles R. Buckalew, lemon and white; Maximilian, lemon and white. Bitches—Clyde Hamilton, lemon and white; Magazine, black, white and tan; Jessie Turner, black and white; Rhoda Smith, black.

MOUNTAIN WAVE, RUBY AND MAC.—The following names are claimed for black retriever whelps by Charlie (Sinbad—Queen) out of Flora (Jet—Swan) whelped Nov. 7, 1879: Mr. T. M. McKennon, Toledo, Ia., Mountain Wave for bitch; Mr. Wm. O. Goodrich, Milwaukee, Wis., Ruby for bitch; and Mr. Carl Norbeck, LaCrosse, Wis., Mac for dog.

SNIPER JR., ETC.—Mr. W. H. Holabird, Valparaiso, Ind., claims the following names: Sniper Jr. (Sensation—Daisy) for lemon and white pointer; Palo (Sensation—Daisy) liver and white pointer; Parrell (Palmerston Jr.—Nance) red Irish setter; Pet (York—Norah) for red Irish bitch, and Dick (Swing—Flo) for red Irish dog.

BELLE MEADE AND TOPSEY W.—Mr. Burr Hollis, Hornellville, N. Y., claims the name of Belle Meade for liver and tan cocker spaniel bitch whelped Oct. 20, 1879, by Hollis' Wildair, out of Fellow's Fanny, and Topsey W. for chestnut and white Burdette cocker bitch by Waddell's Beau out of Waddell's Belle, whelped Nov. 20, 1879.

PRIORITY OF NAME.—Detroit, Mich.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Will Mr. John J. Scanlon, of Fall River, Mass., please allow me the name of Cash for my black and white dog, having claimed same in issue of CHICAGO FIELD of Oct. 18, 1879.

J. E. LONG.

GUY AND MIKE.—Mr. R. Q. Thomsen, Lexington, Ky., claims the name of Guy for pointer whelped May 23, 1879, by Weissinger's Sport, out of Mr. C. F. Allen's Cricket, and Mike for red Irish setter dog, by Berkley, out of Frost's Kate, whelped Oct. 9, 1879.

FITZ JAMES AND WALLACE.—Mr. R. M. Brown, Jr., Amherst C. H., Va., claims the names of Fitz James and Wallace for lemon and white puppies, by Macleod, out of Brenda. One of these was presented him by J. W. Foster, Esq., the owner of Brenda.

REIGN AND BYRON.—Mr. J. H. Richards, Jerseyville, Ill., claims the name of Reign for black, white and tan bitch puppy by Belton, out of Breeze, and Byron for black, white and tan dog by Belton out of Bonnie.

BOW II.—Mr. Paul S. Roberts, Natick, Mass., claims the name of Bow II for liver and white pointer puppy, by Dash (Scout—Fanny) out of Pride of Beaver (Bow—Topay), whelped Jan. 28, 1880.

LIGHTNING LOTTIE.—Mr. Ed. Knell, Moline, Ill., claims the name of Lightning Lottie for Irish water spaniel bitch puppy, by Shady, out of Lottie, whelped Jan. 8, 1880.

NAME CHANGED.—Mr. A. C. Waddell, Topeka, Kansas, has changed the name of his setter dog Conrad (Druid—Cubas) to Rondo.

NELLY MAY.—Mr. Ed. Knell, Moline, Ill., claims the name of Nelly May for blue belton bitch, by Blue Dash, out of Jolly May.

ROSS.—Mr. C. E. Price, Vail, Iowa, claims the name of Ross for black, white and ticked dog, by Blue Dash, out of Jolly May.

NAME CHANGED.—Mr. W. C. Walton, Blair, Neb., has changed the name of his dog from Blue Dash II to Blue Dash Jr.

Sales.

BENJ. H. HILL, ETC.—Mr. M. Heller, Monroeville, Ind., has sold the following puppies by Druid, out of Ruby: Dogs—Benj. H. Hill to Mr. J. B. Niezer, Monroeville, Ind.; Sir Edmund Burke to Mr. W. B. Halston, Butler Co., Ohio. Bitches—Jessie Turner to Mr. G. W. Ballantine, Mahoning Co., Ohio; Magazine to Mr. J. W. Murnan, Haywood Co., Tenn.; Rhoda Smith to Dr. W. D. Rockefeller, Monroeville, Ind.; Clyde Hamilton to Mr. D. C. Bergundthal, Indianapolis, Ind.

SCOUT—ANNE BOLEYN WHELPS.—Mr. F. H. Andrews, Charlotte, N. C., has sold the following whelps by Scout out of Anne Boleyn, whelped Dec. 10, 1879: To Captain Harrison Watts, Charlotte, N. C., a dog, white, with lemon ears; to Captain A. M. Chichester, Leesburg, Va., a dog, white, black and tan; to Mr. L. W. Perdue, Charlotte, N. C., a bitch, lemon and white; and to Prof. W. W. Legare, Waltham, S. C., a lemon and white bitch.

SHADY—LOTTIE WHELPS.—Captain J. D. Brown, Missouri Valley, Ia., has made the following sales of whelps by Shady, out of Lottie, whelped Jan. 8, 1880: Hon. J. V. LeMoine, Chicago, Ill., a bitch; Mr. Benj. W. Richards, Philadelphia, Pa., a bitch; Mr. Ed. Knell, Moline, Ill., a bitch; Mr. Isaac S. Cooper, Owosso, Mich., a dog; Mr. G. W. Koonitz, Iowa City, Ia., a dog; Dr. G. W. Wilkinson, Dakota City, Neb., a dog.

JERRY AND LOLA MONTEZ WHELPS.—Mr. A. C. Waddell, Topeka, Kansas, has sold the orange and white setter Jerry (Morford stock) to Mr. A. W. Copeland; and a black, white and tan bitch puppy, out of Lola Montez, to Mr. R. N. C. Tate, Gonzales, Texas.

JOAN OF ARC.—The pedigree of the Llewellyn setter bitch Joan of Arc, recently purchased by Mr. John Schriuk, Jr., Cleveland, O., of Mr. L. H. Smith, Strathroy, Ont., was erroneously given—out of Dart; she is out of Pearl.

DON ROYAL—PEGGIE ROYAL WHELPS.—Mr. Washington A. Costar, Flatbush, L. I., has sold to Mr. H. Hale, Marlborough, Uster Co., N. Y., a pointer bitch puppy, by Don Royal, out of Peggie Royal.

DUKE OF BEAUFORT.—Mr. A. H. Moore purchased the pure Laverack dog Duke of Beaufort (Pride of the Roder—Fairy II.) from Mr. Chas. S. Westcott, of Philadelphia, well known to our readers as Homo.

NELLIE.—Mr. W. D. Hayes, Hastings, Mich., has bought of Mr. Fred Werchbrecht, the foxhound bitch Nellie, winner first prize at Ann Arbor, Mich., in bitch class.

LADY S.—Mr. R. M. Brown, Jr., Amherst, C. H., Va., has sold to Mr. T. L. Dickerson, Somerville, Tenn., his setter bitch Lady S., by Gladstone, out of Frost.

BELTON—BONNIE WHELPS.—Mr. J. H. Richards, Jerseyville, Ill., has sold to Mr. John Tax his black, white and tan dog puppy, by Belton out of Bonnie.

Whelps.

ZILL.—Zill (Adam's Drake—Forster's Daisy) black and white English setter, the property of Dr. Edward J. Forster, secretary Massachusetts Kennel Club, whelped on the 4th of March, 1880, two dogs and two bitches, by Mr. A. M. Tucker's Royal Blue (Gladstone—Mersey.)

ROSE II.—Mr. C. DuBois Wagstaff's Rose II, by Ranger, out of Rose, whelped March 9, 12—8 dogs and 4 bitches, by Irish Gordon setter Fan.

LOLA MONTEZ.—Mr. A. Waddell's Lola Montez (France—Pedigree) whelped 5—color, black, white and tan, by his imported Penn.

ZITTELLA.—Mr. A. C. Waddell's Zittella (Rock—Kirby) whelped 6—color, black, white and tan, by his imported Penn.

GUESS.—Dr. Charles Henry's setter bitch Guess (Rake—Fannie) whelped March 1, 8—3 dogs and 5 bitches, by Dike.

DART.—Mr. A. C. Waddell's (Dr. Norcom's) Daisy whelped 9—color, black, white and tan, by his imported Penn.

CARRIE.—Messrs. Tack and Reh's Irish setter bitch Carrie, whelped Feb. 24, 9—4 dogs and 5 bitches.

PEREAS.—Mr. Jos. J. Snellenburg's Pereas, whelped 4—3 dogs and 1 bitch, by Thunder.

Visits.

BESS—CARLOWITZ II.—Mr. Thomas Brown, Jr.'s English setter bitch Bess to Mr. J. H. Bauman's Carlowitz II.

BLACK FLY—GROUSEDALE.—Black Fly, setter bitch (Drake—Luna), to Mr. John B. Goodwin's Grousedale.

FANNY II—HOLLIS' WILDAIR.—Mr. F. H. Anthony's cocker spaniel bitch Fanny II to Hollis' Wildair.

BERKLEY—LADY ELCHO.—Dr. Wing's Lady Elcho to Mr. A. H. Moore's champion Berkley.

NELLIE—FRANCE.—Mr. Edward Treutler's English setter bitch Nellie to Mr. Wm. Vie's France.

FAN—DON ROYAL.—Mr. B. Snedcor's liver pointer bitch Fan, by Sensation, to Don Royal.

JESSIE—BAUCE.—Mr. J. H. Whitman's imported Scotch deerhound Jessie to his Bauc.

JULE—COIN.—Mr. Alexander Pope, Jr.'s Jule to Mr. Frank B. Fay's Coin.

DESEMONA—COIN.—Mr. Frank B. Fay's Desemona to his Coin.

DI—CHAM.—Mr. Ware's Di to Mr. J. H. Whitman's Cham.

MAID—ROYAL DON.—Maid, pointer bitch, to Royal Don.

Deaths.

KING CHARLIE.—Hornellville, N. Y.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—I lost by death, on March 16th, my small black and tan King Charles spaniel dog King Charlie, cause, cancer in the head. He was an extra fine one, and only weighed four and a half pounds. Specimens of this kind are very rare.

Burr Hollis.

Books Received.

KEY TO GHOSTISM.—Science and Art Unlock Its Mysteries, by Rev. Thomas Mitchell, author of "Philosophy of God and the World," etc. 12mo, pp. 249. Cloth, price \$1.50. New York: S. W. Wells & Co., Publishers, 737 Broadway. Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Time and again Mediums have been detected in trickery. Conditions are by them imposed which deprive sitters of the use of their natural faculties, and they then challenge investigation. A single skeptic often prevents the occurrence of *physical phenomena*, yet the "spirit guides" are always punctual in attendance upon "trance speakers" and Inspirational Mediums. There are some readers of the CHICAGO FIELD, who (to our personal knowledge) have sat devoutly with crossed and clasped hands in the charmed circle of a "spiritualist seance," and even after the promptly flashed dark lantern had done its faithful work of exposure, there were found weak-minded people with such love for the marvelous, and religious zeal, that they still implicitly believed their long-since-departed "grandmothers," and illy "made up" Indian maidens, boot-blacks, Irish servants, and "Pin-fors" relatives' spirits had stood before them. Mr. Mitchell strikes at the root of the matter in the outset by imputing the existence of spiritualism to man's love of the marvelous, and draws largely from the avowals of "mediums," and of men and women who have been engaged in practicing upon the credulity of the public for gain. He shows how science and invention are made subservient to deceit—how magnetism, electricity, and prestidigitation may overawe the ignorant and superstitious; and he has produced a book interesting alike to scientific, religious, or general readers. Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.

NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.—With the January number, the *National Quarterly Review* enters upon its twenty-first year, and a new era of prosperity and vigor. It is permanently enlarged by thirty-two pages, making it two hundred and forty, though the present number has two hundred and fifty-two octavo pages of reading matter. Hereafter, also the names of the contributors will be given with each essay. The engagements of the *Review* for the present year include contributions from many of the most eminent leaders in thought and politics, both of this country and Europe. The contents of the number for January are: Rise and Fall of the Bonapartes, by William Dowse; The Management of the Indians, by Rev. W. E. Copeland; The English Classics, by May F. Millor; The Hygiene of Water, by David A. Gorton, M.D.; The Working Classes of Europe, by David Ker; The Nebular Hypothesis, by David Trowbridge, A.M.; Interstate Extradition, by J. Manford Kerr; The New Eastern Question, by David Ker; A Southerner's Estimate of the Life and Character of Stephen A. Douglas, by Hon. James D. Waddell; Reviews and Criticisms, Philosophy, History, Biography, Politics, Belles-Lettres, Finance, Books Received.

CAMP AND CABIN.—Sketches of life and travel in the West, by Rosette W. Raymond, late U. S. Commissioner of Mining Statistics, editor *Engineering and Mining Journal*, author "Mines of the West," "Silver and Gold," etc., "Little Classic" style, red edges, \$1. In "Camp and Cabin," are seen the results of Dr. Raymond's accurate observation, varied knowledge and quick intelligence, while his fidelity to fact does not interfere with his felicity of style. His sketches of life in California and Nevada are capital stories, alive with fun, full of incidental suggestions and information about the main business of western life, and fairly permeated with the flavor of the humorous, reckless, good-natured, but dead-earnest kind of existence that prevails among the mining camps and cabins; while the tender touches of pathos show that he has not studied the bright side of life alone, and often beguile the reader of a sudden tear. His sketches of travel—amid the wonders of the Yellowstone country, the peaks of the Rocky Mountains and the ice caves of Washington Territory—are wonderfully interesting.

HARPER'S FOR APRIL.—Harper's Magazine for April contains all beautifully illustrated: Music and Musicians in England, Mrs. John Lillie; Some Pennsylvania Nooks, Ella Rodman Church; La Villa Real de Santa Fe, Ernest Ingersoll; An Irish Fishing Village, J. L. Cloud; Shipwrecked, a poem, from the French of Francois Coppee, E. W. Lattimer; Luca della Robbia and his School, E. D. R. Biancardi; Before the Shrine, a sonnet, Louise Chandler Moulton; The Swiss Rhine, S. H. M. Byers; Home Studies in Nature, Mary Treat; The Old Mill, a poem, Thomas Dunn English; White Wings, a Yachting Romance, William Black; Mr. Witherton's Romance, Phoebe Yates Pember; A Farewell, a sonnet, A. H. Louis; Early History of Bible Illustration, W. C. Prime; An Easter Card, a story, Virginia W. Johnson; Navy of the United States, E. H. Derby; Mary Anierley, a novel, R. D. Blackmore; Madrigals, ... Bowman Blake; besides Editor's Easy Chair, Editor's Literary Record, Editor's Historical Record, and Editor's Drawer.

NANA.—Nana is a sequel to and continuation of L'Assommoir; but Nana in no way resembles L'Assommoir. It is elaborated with the same care; it is as real, as intense, and as bold as its predecessor, but it places before us a totally different world, and with all the "justice of a photograph." Zola gives us in Nana, a careful study of the manners and life of that class as they exist in real life, whose principal business in life is to be amused, which class ordinary romance-writers designate as "people of elegant leisure." Price 50 cents. T. B. Peterson & Bro., Philadelphia, and Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.

CHURCH'S MUSICAL VISITOR.—The March issue contains a number of valuable contributions from able musical writers, choice editorial articles upon the leading ideas of the hour, considered by a musical brain, and the following choice compositions: Spring is Coming, Now All Nature's Still, I Stood on the Beach, Danse Pompeuse, The Wandering Savoyard, Jerusalem the Golden, Aria by Schumann, and Pilgrims of the Night. John Church & Co., Cincinnati.

BRENTANO'S MONTHLY.—February brings No. 5 of Vol. II. (new series) and a real reference number, too good to miss. The reading matter is choice, the statistics interesting, and the figures are correct. Its cost is but \$3 for twelve months, while its worth is \$12 for three months.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA.—The first six numbers of the new "Library of Universal Knowledge" are issued and delivered. It is well printed, neat in appearance, valuable in matter, and should be in every library in the United States, as a work of reference; 50 cents and 75 cents and \$1.00 per volume. American Book Exchange, 55 Beekman St., New York.

AGAIN VICTORIOUS.—At the International Dairy Fair, held in New York, December, 1879, a committee of the most expert butter makers made the most careful tests of all the different Butter Colors. The result was the unanimous award of the only prize to Wells, Richardson & Co's Perfected Butter Color. Again this original and perfect color seems a victory as it always does when there is honest and fair competition with any of its competitors. Sold by druggists and merchants. Take no other.—(Adv't.)

WHAT MAKES YOU SICK?—You have allowed your bowels to become habitually constipated, your liver has become torpid, the same thing will happen to your kidneys, and you are just used up. Now be sensible, get a package of Kidney-Wort, take it faithfully, and soon you will forget you've got any such organs, for you will be a well man.—(Adv't.)

Natural History.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL MANUAL OF AMERICAN NATURALISTS.

BY WILLIAM HOSBA BALLOU.

CHAPTER II.

Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A.

The literature of Dr. Coues extends from 1861 to date. It is interesting as embodying to quite an extent the history of the last two decades of American ornithology. What seems particularly gratifying in regard to it is its progressiveness. It is doubtful if anything in the later history of ornithological literature has given more impetus to the study of birds than the "Key." That there are other magnificent works of the kind which have been produced of late is cheerfully recognized, but the writer pauses to doubt if such would have found the extensive favor shown them had not the "Key" of Dr. Coues so simplified the study as to make their purchase profitable. In his revision of the nomenclature of species the effort of Dr. Coues to place all credit where it belonged, commends itself at once. In the construction of this series of bibliographical articles the writer desires to say in the outset that he has no sympathy with, nor side to take in, the jealousies or contentions of different schools of scientists or struggles of individuals for supremacy. It is proposed to award to every writer his due, to praise where qualifications commend themselves, and in kindness to criticize to the full extent of the demands of the occasion. In view of these facts he recognizes ornithological merit elsewhere than in Dr. Coues; but the candid belief forces itself to the surface, however, that in spite of the faults and deficiencies of some of the writings of Dr. Coues, no living investigator has done more to popularize the study of ornithology with the masses than he. It is regarded as unfortunate that on any occasion he should insert what might or ought to be, for what is, or that any species of uncertainty should be awarded to a locality unless substantiated by observation. But when with type specimen in hand he has constructed a diagnosis, it is doubtless true that the authority and accuracy of statements are seldom questioned.

Concerning his studies on mammals there is connected with them a possible regret. His contributions in the great work on the *Rodentia* though accurate, are so abstract as to discourage, in a measure, even ordinary investigators in their perusal. Not so, however, concerning the *Musculi*. Written in popular language in which the felicitous descriptive powers of the author are brought to bear, the work not only finds a sympathy with the mammalogist and ordinary reader, but is regarded as a valuable contribution to science from a scientific and economic standpoint.

Perhaps before entering upon the bibliography proper some reference should be made to the readiness with which the secular press of the country have recognized the invaluable and incommensurate services of Dr. Coues. It is unfortunate and disgusting to observe that there is a class of scientists who wrap themselves in a mantle of high indifference to the wants of mankind and keep their contributions locked up in a very questionable air of supreme superiority. This accusation was never made against Dr. Coues. This is the age in which the people sit in judgment. Scientific education is becoming a common-place matter, open to all. The consequence is, that eminent services in this line are recognized and proper credit placed where it belongs. That Dr. Coues has achieved a remarkable popularity with the press is due to the fact that the majority of his labors have been written in a readable language, sufficiently so to afford encouragement and stimulus to the beginner, and science for the profoundly learned.

For a matter of convenience in this particular bibliography—perhaps also for experiment—no comments are introduced in the body of the work. The list is very nearly complete for the period named. It includes also a selection of miscellaneous minor pieces and is as follows:

1861.

Ornithology.—*Philp's Washington Described*, pp. 24-27. (12 mo.) Washington: Philp & Solomons.

A Monograph of the Tringæ of North America.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Nat. Sci.*, xiii, pp. 170-205.

Notes on the Ornithology of Labrador.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Nat. Sci.*, xiii, pp. 215-257.

A Monograph of the Genus *Ægithus*, with descriptions of new species.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Nat. Sci.*, xiii, pp. 373-390.

1862.

List of birds ascertained to inhabit the District of Columbia, with times of arrival and departure of such as are non-resident, and notes on their habits, etc. By Elliott Coues and D. W. Prentiss.—*Sixteenth Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution*, for 1861-62, pp. 399-421.

Synopsis of the North American Forms of Colymbidæ and Podicipidæ.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Nat. Sci.*, xiv, pp. 226-233.

Supplementary note to the last.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Nat. Sci.*, xiv, p. 404.

Revision of the Gulls of North America; based upon specimens of the museum of the Smithsonian Institution.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Nat. Sci.*, xiv, pp. 291-312.

A Review of the Terns of North America.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Nat. Sci.*, xiv, pp. 535-559.

Report of some cases of Amputations and Resection, from gun-shot wounds, performed at the Mount Pleasant U. S. Hospital, by C. A. McCall, M. D., U. S. A.—*Med. and Surg. Reporter*, ix No. 8, Nov. 27, pp. 194-196; No. 9, Dec. 6, pp. 229-232.

1863.

Five Cases of Gun-shot Fracture of the Femur.—*Med. and Surg. Reporter*, x, pp. 3-5.

Additional Remarks on North American *Ægithus*.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Nat. Sci.*, xv, pp. 40-41.

(On the Lestridæ of Swainson, with a Critical Review of the Sub-family Lestridinæ.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Nat. Sci.*, xv, pp. 121-133.

[On the specific validity of *Larus Smithsonianus*, Coues.]—*The Ibis*, v, p. 367.

1864.

A Fatal Case of traumatic Coxalgia.—*Med. and Surg. Reporter*, xi, pp. 63-64.

The Crania of *Colymbus torquatus* and *C. Adamsi* compared.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Nat. Sci.*, xvi, pp. 21-22.

*Key to North American Birds, by Elliott Coues. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

†The monograph of North American *Rodentia* (Gnawing mammals), by Elliott Coues and J. A. Allen. Vol. XI of quarto works of the Hayden Survey. Washington: Department of the Interior, Government Print.

‡Four Bearing Mammals, by Elliott Coues. Miscellaneous publication of the Hayden Survey No. 8. Washington: Department of the Interior, Government Print. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

A Critical Review of the Family Procellariidæ.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Nat. Sci.*, Part I, embracing the Procellariidæ, or Stormy Petrels, xvi, pp. 73-91.

A Critical Review of the Family Procellariidæ.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Nat. Sci.*, xvi, pp. 116-44: Part II, Embracing the Puffinæ.

Notes on Certain Central American Laridæ collected by Mr. Osbert Salvin and Mr. F. Godman. *The Ibis*, pp. 381-393.

1865.

Ornithology of a Prairie Journey, and Notes on the Birds of Arizona.—*The Ibis*, 2d ser. 1, April, pp. 381-93.

[On the Birds Observed at Fort Whipple, Arizona.]—*The Ibis*, 2d ser. 1, pp. 535-58.

1866.

Field Notes on *Lophortyx gambeli*.—*The Ibis*, 2d ser., II, Jan., pp. 46-55.

From Arizona to the Pacific.—*The Ibis*, 2d ser., II, July, pp. 259-75.

List of the Birds of Fort Whipple, Arizona; with which are incorporated all other species ascertained to inhabit the territory; with brief, critical and field notes, descriptions of new species, etc.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Nat. Sci.*, xviii, pp. 39-100. Reissued under title: *Prodrome of a Work on the Ornithology of Arizona*, Philadelphia, 8 vo, pp. 64.

A Critical Review of the Family Procellariidæ: Part III; embracing the Fulmaræ.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Nat. Sci.*, xviii, pp. 25-33.

A Critical Review of the Family Procellariidæ: Part IV; embracing the *Æstrelatæ* and *Prionæ*.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Nat. Sci.*, xviii, pp. 134-72.

A Critical Review of the Family Procellariidæ: Part IV; embracing the *Diomedæ* and *Haladrolæ*, with a general supplement.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Nat. Sci.*, xviii, 1866, pp. 172-99.

The Osteology of *Colymbus torquatus*; with notes on its Myology.—*Memoirs of the Boston Society of Nat. Hist.*, vol. 1, pt. II, pp. 131-72, fig. 2, pl. 5. Also published separately, 4 to., Boston, 1866.

On the Occurrence in the Human Subject, of an Umbilical Cœcum.—*Med. and Surg. Reporter*, xv, Aug. 11, p. 142.

Some Notes on Arrow Wounds.—*Med. and Surg. Reporter*, xv, No. 17, April 28, pp. 321-24.

On the Reptilia and Batrachia of the Sonoran Province of the Nearctic Region. By Edw. D. Cope.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Sci.*, pp. 300-11 (with Notes on their Habits by Elliott Coues).

1867.

The Quadrupeds of Arizona.—*Am. Nat.*, i, pp. 281-292, 351-363, 394-400, 531-541.

Notes on the Collection of Mammals from Arizona.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Sci.*, xix, pp. 133-36.

The Birds of New England (Anon.)—*The Round Table*, No. 140, Sept. 28, pp. 213-14. (Review of E. A. Samuel's Work.)

Some Remarks on Delirium Tremens, with Cases.—*Med. and Surg. Reporter*, xvi, No. 4, Jan. 26, pp. 61-64.

A Case of Hernia of Large Size.—*Med. and Surg. Reporter*, xvi, July 27, pp. 69, 70, fig.

A method of Treating Phymosis.—*Med. and Surg. Reporter*, xvi, No. 14, April 6, pp. 372-74, fig.

Compound, Committuted, Complicated Fracture of the Skull.—*Med. and Surg. Reporter*, xvii, No. 21, Nov. 23, pp. 437-38.

1868.

A Monograph of the Alcids.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Nat. Sci.*, pp. 2-81, figs. 1-16. Reissued. 8 vo., Philadelphia, pp. 81, fig. 16. Reprinted. *Zoologist*, 2d ser. v, 1870, pp. 2,004-2,016, 2,081-2,090, 2,124-2,132, 2,155-2,163, 2,205-2,214, 2,245-2,253, 2,289-2,296, 2,327-2,334, 2,369-2,368, 2,396-2,408.

List of the Birds Collected in Southern Arizona by Dr. E. Palmer, with remarks by Elliott Coues.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Nat. Sci.*, pp. 81-85.

Synopsis of the Birds of South Carolina.—*Proc. Bost. Soc. Nat. Hist.*, xii, pp. 104-127.

Catalogue of the Birds of North America contained in the Museum of the Essex Institute, with which is incorporated a list of the Birds of New England, with brief critical and field notes.—*Proc. Essex. Inst.*, v, pp. 249-314.

Reissued under the title *A List of the Birds of New England*, etc. Salem, 8 vo, pp. 71.

Instances of Albinism Among our Birds.—*Amer. Nat.*, ii, pp. 161-162.

Birds-eye Views.—*Amer. Nat.*, ii, pp. 505-513, 571-583, figs. (On the structure of the eye in birds.)

Antero-posterior Symmetry, with Special Reference to the Muscles of the Limbs.—*N. Y. Med. Record*, pp. 149-152, 193-195, 222-224, 272-274, 297-299, 370-372, 390-391, 433-440.

Acadian Geology (Anon.)—*The Round Table*, No. 188, Aug. 29, pp. 137-138. (Review of I. W. Dawson's work.)

Michael Faraday (Anon.)—*The Round Table*, No. 191, Sept. 19, pp. 193-194. (Review of Tyndall's "Faraday as a Discoverer.")

The Education of the Blacks.—*The Round Table*, No. 199, 199.

Elements of Physiology and Hygiene (Anon.)—*The Round Table*, No. 225, Dec. 26. (Review of Dalton's Text Book.)

1869.

On Variation of the Genus *Ægithus*.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Nat. Sci.*, xxi, pp. 180-189.

On the Classification of Water Birds.—*Proc. Phila. Acad. Nat. Sci.*, xxi, pp. 193-218. Reissued, Philadelphia, 8 vo, pp. 28.

On a Chick with Supernumerary Legs.—*Proc. Bost. Soc. Nat. Hist.*, pp. 78-82.

Observations on the Marsh Hare.—*Proc. Bost. Acad. Nat. Hist.*, pp. 86-93.

Notice of a Cyclopean Pig.—*Proc. Bost. Soc. Nat. Hist.*, pp. 93-101.

Sea-side Homes.—*Am. Nat.*, iii, pp. 337-349. [Breeding of *Sterna Antillarum* and *Ægialitis Wilsona*.]

The Gates Ajar (Anon.)—*The Round Table*, No. 206, Jan. 2. (Review of Miss Phelps' novel.)

Moral Uses of Dark Things (Anon.)—*The Round Table*, No. 208, Jan. 16. (Review of the Rev. Horace Bushnell's book.)

Gloverston and his Silent Partners (Anon.)—*The Round Table*, No. 209, Jan. 23, 1869. (A Review of Ralph Keeler's novel.)

John Carter (Anon.)—*The Round Table*, No. 213, Feb. 13, pp. 105-106. (Review of Mill's Memoir of the "Artist with the broken neck.")

Adventures in the Apache Country (Anon.)—*The Round Table*, No. 214, Feb. 27. (Review of Rosa Browne's work.)

Greater Britain (Anon.)—*The Round Table*, No. 219, April 3. (Review of Sir Charles Dill's book.)

Juvenile Delinquents (Anon.)—*The Round Table*, No. 222, April 24. (Review of B. K. Pierce's work.)

Hilt to Hilt (Anon.)—*The Round Table*, No. 228, June 5. (Review of Esten Cooke's novel.)

Winslow's System of Energetics (Anon.)—*The Round Table*, First notice, June 5, No. 228. Second notice, June 12, No. 229. (Reviews of C. F. Winslow's Force and Nature.)

The Sick Call (Pseudon, P. H. D.)—*Army and Navy Journal*, July 31.

Nine Bones in the Cranium.—*New York Med. Record*, Aug. 1.

Rain and Prairie.—*The Lib. Chris.*, Aug. 7.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Prairie Dog.

CHICAGO ILL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—The prairie dog (*Cynomys ludovicianus*) is a rodent subject worthy of some consideration, and I beg to present to the readers of the CHICAGO FIELD my ideas regarding this most curious of all animals, regarding which some surmised history is given as fact. In a hunting experience ranging over thirteen years, spent in close observation of natural animal history, I have made a few notes which may be of interest. The stories by Washington Irving, and others, who casually pass by dog towns, are nicely written; on close investigation the natural history don't pan out worth a cent. Of course I am not dogmatic in my opinion but 'tis given honestly for what it is worth.

Dog towns range in size from one to forty acres in area and always in the same general shape. The mounds are about ten inches high, sloping gradually each way, with a round hole exactly in the center, large enough to admit the dog, even if he does, when disturbed, sometimes somersault backward to gain entrance.

The location of a town is of as much importance to the dogs as if they were human beings. The soil is always of the same character, a light sandy loam, on which, what is known as Thatcher's grass, grows. Perhaps a description of this grass would not be amiss. It resembles a diminutive corn-stalk in appearance, usually growing to a height of three to five feet, with a tassel-top like a corn-stalk; the roots are very large and long, being jointed and sometimes reaching down fifteen to eighteen inches, forming what is known as peat, and an excellent article for fuel. The dogs live during the Winter on these roots, corn when they can get it, acorns and hazel-nuts, and, like the coon and bear, they suck their paws when out of other provisions. They rarely inhabit a country that is well cultivated, and their coming and going is a mystery to every one. I have twice in my experience come upon them while migrating. Dog towns are very far apart and no communication whatever between them. The nearest together I ever knew them to be was only about sixty miles apart.

The migrations I speak of were observed in the Republican and Elkhorn Valleys, when traveling on a bright moonlight night, far ahead we saw several small objects dodging in and out of the road-way. I thought at first they must be jack rabbits or coons, but a successful shot soon satisfied our curiosity, and we found a fine female species of the "dog." Their general build, when full grown, is about the style and size of a fat house-cat, with very short legs, of a brownish-grey color, larger than a muskrat, and not so large as a skunk. Regarding their companions, I disbelieve the owl and rattlesnake stories; for in the first place, owls are not partial to the country occupied by the "dog," as no timber of any consequence grows where they stay, and owls proverbially stay in hollow trees; there is a species of hawk, however, that gets its subsistence from moles, gophers, ground mice and such smaller animals, including young prairie chickens, quails and grouse; but never a small or large owl have I been able to find any trace of in or near a dog town. So far as rattlesnakes are concerned, the soil of the town will not admit of their staying there. A rattlesnake in order to thrive must have a rocky, sunny exposure, and when found any other place is probably on a foraging expedition. I once took a spade and followed a dog dive for over two hundred feet, and caught a rattler in the den; but he had four young dogs in his stomach and was laboring on the fifth. He was easily killed, and proved to be an old stager, being four feet and three inches long, with seven rattles and a button. Peace and harmony did not reign in that camp, as it was evident the family had been intruded upon. A dog family is rather large, so to speak, the female breeding from four to seven youngsters, suckling them as a cat or bitch does its young. They are of a very delicate shade of brownish-grey; as they grow older they get lighter on the stomach and darker on the back. I once tried to domesticate a pair, but they both died.

In a dog town the streets are all connected and range from one to three feet below the surface of the ground, the street being a passage of some six or eight inches in diameter and well beaten. They live in warm, dry quarters, their eating and other duties being transacted in lower apartments. Their villages are a perfect network of streets, every house being connected, and when you want to catch a dog by digging him out you are liable to dig several miles before you find him, and he makes a very strong fight when you do find him. It is almost impossible to get a prairie dog either alive or dead without digging him out. On your approach to the vicinity of a dog town, you will see them playing about uttering a peculiar cry and rolling over and over one another like so many kittens, but the instant an alarm is given, which is a short yelp or bark, every dog assumes an upright position upon his haunches, at the entrance to his house and always on the side nearest the enemy. You can spend the whole day shooting them either with rifle or shot-gun, with chambered shells, but not a dog can you get unless you dig for him. At the sound of a gun they turn a complete somersault, disappearing in the hole, and, for several moments not an animal can be seen. Finally, one more venturesome than the rest will poke his nose out and if all is quiet will come forth assuming the same "sentinel" position as before. They seem to have a regularly organized hospital corps, for if you are fortunate enough to wound one or blow him all to pieces they get him into the house and the only thing you can see are a few dog-gone-d remnants carefully gathered by the underground undertakers. The location of their towns are always on what is known as a "bottom" near a running stream of water. To the practical observer of the peculiarities of animal life, the opinions and experiences of others is always of more or less value and interest, and as I have given in my experience, I should like to hear from others of the brethren who may do good by speaking.

HARRY GILBERT.

A Zoological Garden.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—We are starting a first-class zoological garden in Mr. F. Brown's Park, about two and one-half miles from Des Moines, which has been selected by the Iowa State Agricultural Society for a term of years, as its state fair grounds, and has been fitted up in grand style with a good race track and various buildings to suit the requirements of such an institution, as the Iowa State Fair which was held there last Fall. Now in addition to this, Mr. F. E. Brown, who by the way is one of our wealthiest and most wide-awake citizens, and a prominent attorney, is starting a zoological garden, and has already quite a number of wild animals selected and bought.

Mr. Steve S. Bonbright, the manager, is desirous of obtaining a lot of wild animals at a reasonable price, for which \$10,000 has been placed in his hands to be expended for the purpose. Anyone having such animals for sale should address Mr. S. S. Bonbright.

GORDON.

PRESIDENT HAYES.—The validity of Mr. Hayes' title may always be questioned, and his administration criticized, but the payment of one dollar gives a valid title to one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and its administration can never be criticized in cases of coughs, colds, incipient consumption, and general debility, for leading physicians of all schools endorse the Discovery and prescribe it in their practice. Sold by druggists. (Adv.)

Miscellaneous.

Life on the Ocean Wave.

BY D. H. E.

CHAPTER II.

When we left Boston we had nine men aboard—the captain, two mates, steward, and five men forward. In tacking, reefing or furling the captain took the wheel and all hands were expected to take hold and work; but our first mate did not calculate to do anything, and didn't, except with his tongue, and that was continually on the go, and almost always engaged in finding fault for some trivial thing or another.

The captain, a man of about sixty, was a thorough sailor, and as energetic and smart as many younger men. Nothing annoyed him so much as to see anything wrong about the rigging, sails, or hull of his vessel, and owing to the constitutional aversion to work of the mate he was continually in a fidget.

He was a great hand to carry on sail till the last second, and as long as he could walk dry-shod on the top of the cabin he was all right, and when the main deck was full of water he would remark that she was "going along comfortable."

"What's she doing now, Mr. C.?" he would say, as he came up from below.

"Eight knots, sir," the mate would answer.

"Got the r'yal on her?" would be the next query.

"No, sir; furling it half an hour ago in a squall."

"Well, clap it on, and every inch of muslin she'll carry! Keep her so'-so'-west, and call me if it blows any harder!" and down below he'd go for a nap, and some poor Jack must climb aloft to loose royal, gaff, topsails and staysails, only to furl them again in an hour. How I dreaded to see that royal set when I came on deck at night, and how I used to hope the wind would not increase; every cloud, though no larger than a man's hand, was watched anxiously until it passed over us and to leeward. It was generally my luck to have to loose and furl that sail in my watch, and it got monotonous at last, to say nothing of the exertion required to climb aloft when encased in oil-skins.

The mate was a "down-easter," and was "born tired." The only time he would move with any degree of spryness was when a bucketful of water came over the side, and then he'd jump like a deer. He was fussy, fault-finding, and uncertain as the Irishman's flea, and had no friends forward or aft. His pet name, given by the steward, was "the corpse," and it was appropriate. A first-rate, pleasant man ashore, at sea he could command no respect from the men nor his brother officers.

The second mate, Mr. Kelly, was a son of the Emerald Isle. As smart and energetic as the mate was the reverse, he was generally liked by all.

The men were Louis and Joe, two Portuguese from Fayal; the former an old whaler who could and did spin many a yarn of a whaler's life; the latter, a young chap who having made a trip up the Hudson, and one mackerel fishing, considered himself as having graduated with high honors from the nautical school, and that what he did not know about all kinds of vessels, from a dory to a frigate, was not worth knowing. He was a fair singer, and enlivened the spare time we had with songs of the sea.

The rest of the crew we will dispose of in a lump, partly because the writer is one of them, and partly because two of them ran away in Philadelphia. They were an Englishman, an Irishman and Jack; fair sailors; they minded their own business, and did their growing to themselves.

And now that you all know the men who lived on the ocean wave we'll proceed, and endeavor to tell what sort of a life they lived.

We had a light, fair wind on Saturday until 10 p. m., when it went ahead and all hands were called out to tack ship, and were kept out until 4 o'clock Sunday morning. We were hauling up the foresail preparatory to tacking, when off Newcastle, all hands being engaged in the work, when Mr. C. looked ahead and there was a schooner anchored close to the shore. It was too late to keep off and pass her to leeward, and the mate sung out to the captain at the wheel to "luff!" but as he had to take his choice of running us ashore or striking the schooner, he chose the latter as being the less of the two evils, and we went into her.

As we struck her, the crew rushed on deck in rather scanty costume, their first thought being that they were sinking, but beyond some slight damage to her rigging she was not injured.

The damage to our vessel was even less, and was caused by the fluke of our anchor catching in the schooner's rigging, and the anchor being dragged aft on the rail, scarring our side some. As soon as possible after striking, our head sails were backed and a line taken to the wharf and there we lay some hours before proceeding. All day Sunday we were hard at work tacking until late in the afternoon we arrived off Chester and anchored. The next day we took a tug and were taken to Philadelphia, where we arrived about two o'clock. Went into Greenwich dock on Tuesday, and at one o'clock the first installment of our cargo went clattering down the chute into the hold. At one o'clock the next day we had 400 tons aboard and were taken to Willow street wharf for the balance of our cargo, consisting of railroad iron and a street engine.

Monday evening everything was aboard except the engine, and to get that we were obliged to make one more move, which we did the next day, hauling out to the end of the wharf under a large crane which was to be used in loading the engine. In hauling out we had a bad time. First our yards got fouled with a ship's, and one of our brace blocks was broken; then our hawser parted and the tide took us against the end of the dock, the ring stopper (a chain, one end fast aboard, the other passed through the ring on the anchor and up through the cat-head to hold the anchor) parted, and away went the anchor with fifteen or twenty fathoms of chain. At last we succeeded in reaching the place we started for, and making fast, and before night the engine was in its place on deck, between the main mast and fore hatch, ready to be lashed and braced before getting outside.

At ten the next day a tug came alongside, the lines were cast off, and we started, but not down the river as expected, instead, the current took us up-stream in spite of the tug, which was doing its best, and after drifting a quarter of a mile we anchored until after dinner, when we hove up and were towed off the Navy yard, where we anchored to wait for the rest of the crew, two of our men having thrown their traps over the bows into a boat while we were in Greenwich dock, and left without saying good-bye to anyone, a trick which real sailors are addicted to, just as the stage and story-book sailor is continually "hitching up" his pants.

We were very deeply loaded, the slightest ripple sending the water running through the scuppers, and no one aboard felt very sanguine about arriving safely at Havana, but we were in for it, and beyond taking all possible precautions to save ourselves, in case of accident, could do nothing. The cargo and vessel were insured, and the men were merely machines, which could be replaced for a few dollars a month.

The tug came down about noon on Friday, October 11, bringing the Captain and balance of the crew. They were two Flans,

one, tall and thin, called Charlie, bearing the Philadelphia coat of arms on his face, in the shape of a beautiful black eye, and the other, short and stout, named Pete, big mouth, thick lips, small, squinting eyes, low, retreating forehead, he was about as brutal and ignorant looking a man as is often seen, and his looks did not belie him, as subsequent events proved.

How many of the sea stories written for boys have such characters in them, and in how many vessels of the books will such accommodation for the men as I have described be found? Nothing of the sort is mentioned in any story I ever read. The men are always a jolly, rollicking set with nothing much to do but spin yarns, draw their allowance of grog, smoke and sleep. The fo'c'stle is a large space between decks, where the chests are stowed and hammocks swung.

After dinner we started down the river, only to anchor again at night. How many times more must our anchor kiss the mud before being lashed on the fo'c'stle, was my thought, as, with a splash and tremendous clatter, the huge piece of iron went to the bottom, dragging twenty-five fathoms of chain after it. An unlucky day for a start, the old superstition has it, and as far as the weather which we had the whole passage, was concerned, it was an unlucky day, though we luckily arrived in port right side up.

Early the next morning we hove up anchor, set all sail, and proceeded on our way with a fair wind. The wind increased as we neared the Breakwater, and the vessel began to roll and toss as she forced her way through seas which were rolling in from the Atlantic.

One sail after another was furled until only our topsails and fore and aft sails were left.

The mate reported both anchors over the bow, and the fifteen-fathom shackle at the hawse hole. The sea was running heavy, and a large number of vessels were at anchor waiting for the weather to moderate before going out.

"All ready forward!" shouted the pilot.

"All ready, sir," was the answer.

"Let go topsail halliards," was the next order, and the yard was lowered, downhauls hauled taut and belayed. The jibs were hauled down, and the wheel put down to bring the vessel head to the wind before letting go the anchor. Just as she got into the trough of the sea a big wave came roaring and tumbling along; it struck us amidships, dashed high above the railing, and came on deck with a shock which made the vessel tremble. As it came over the side it tore the small boat from the davits, smashing the bow and side like an egg-shell, and set everything which was loose on deck afloat. Then there was sport for a few moments. The vessel rolling her railings under, sails flapping, and the officers issuing orders as fast as possible. Into the water to our waists we had to go and haul the yards round, get the vessel "off" again and take a fresh start.

At last we dropped both anchors, with sixty fathoms on port and twenty fathoms on starboard, furled the sails, made things as snug as possible on deck and went below for supper.

After supper we "chalked" for anchor watches which is done thusly: One man is sent out of the fo'c'stle and another marks with a bit of chalk a square on a chest, bunk-board, or any convenient place, divided into as many parts as there are men. Each man then has some number or mark placed in a certain portion of the square and one is also given to the man who is out, he is then called in and rubs out one of the marks, the man owning it having the first watch, and so on. The "anchor watches" are generally set at 8 p. m., and last until 5 a. m., when the second mate is called, thus giving each man one hour and forty-eight minutes on deck.

There was a strong northeast wind all night and the vessel rolled heavily in the sea, the water being knee-deep on deck. The place is anything but a safe harbor for storm-detained vessels, as the dismantled masts of eight schooners which had sunk at their anchors sufficiently proved.

Dismal enough they looked sticking out of the water, with nothing but the shrouds left, and painfully suggestive of what might be our fate unless we were specially favored by the "dear little cherub" who is said to "sit up aloft and look out for the life of poor Jack."

Sunday was clear and warm, a beautiful day. The wind and sea had abated, and we prepared for a day of rest. But not the time a sailor has to himself would not make many days in a year, and about 10 o'clock we were ordered to lower the big boat, and with the second mate went aboard a small brigantine which had nearly dragged ashore the previous night, and helped her crew get her under way and anchor in a safer place. This took until past dinner time, but our salt junk and "duff" tasted all the better for the delay.

The next day we were at work from daylight to dark, setting up the rigging and trying to do the two weeks' work which was necessary to make the vessel really fit for a sea voyage, in one day.

This was our last day before getting fairly on our way for "lands-a-far," as the song has it, and perhaps the reader is as glad of it as we were, for a sailor likes his "watch and watch," and dislikes the long hours of work when at anchor, after the first day or two.

Trap Shooting.

Farmingdale, Illinois.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Four members of the Farmingdale Gun Club stood behind the traps on February 26, and March 4, and shot glass balls for two turkeys, in a single shoot of 50 balls a piece, and a team shoot of 50 balls to the team, 18 yards rise. Both days the wind blew very strong, and the balls that went from the shooter went as far as 55 yards from the trap, which was a Stock & Morris trap.

Feb. 26—Single balls, single shoot at 50 balls a piece.

W. R. Morris.....11111 11101 11111 11101 11111 11111 11111

T. B. Watts.....01111 11110 11111 11111 11111 01111 10110 11110

R. Rathack.....11011 11011 11001 11111 11010 11011 11101 11111

A. F. Happer.....11110 01011 11000 11111 11111 11110 01111 01110 11111

Morris wins turkey.

Two team shoot 50 balls to the team.

T. B. Watts.....11111 01111 10100 11111 01111—30

R. Rathack.....01111 11111 11101 01011 11111—21

Total.....41

A. F. Happer.....01111 00111 11110 11111 11101—30

W. R. Morris.....00111 01110 11111 11111 01111—30

Total.....40

Watts and Rathack win turkey.

Watts and Rathack shoot to see who takes the turkey, at 10 balls.

Watts.....10111 11011—8 Rathack.....11111 01111—8

Ties on 8. Shoot off at 9 balls.

Watts.....11111 0101—7 Rathack.....11111 1000—8

Watts wins.

Buckman and Watts shoot for amusement, at 50 balls a piece.

B. Buckman.....01100 01110 01111 01001 01110 11110 11110 11110

A. B. Watts.....10111 11000 01111 11011 01101 11111 11000 01111 10101

Team shoot at 35 balls.

B. Buckman.....11111 11111 11111 11111 11101—34

A. B. Watts.....10010 01111 11000 10000 11101—14

Total.....30

March 4.—
R. Rathack.....11111 00111 11000 01011 11001—14
T. B. Watts.....11011 11111 10011 11111 11101—21

Total.....38

A. T. Happer.....01111 01111 11111 11010 11111—21

W. R. Morris.....11111 11111 11111 11111 11011—24

Total.....45

Happer and Morris win turkey.

Fifty single balls a piece.

R. Rathack.....01111 11111 11011 01111 11011 11111 10101 10101

W. Morris.....11111 11111 11111 11010 11010 10100 00001 11110 11000

T. B. Watts.....01111 11111 11101 01000 10101 01111 10101 00111 11000

A. F. Happer.....11101 11111 11011 11111 11101 11111 01111 00111 11111

Happer wins the turkey. 15. 13. 14.

Trap at Racine.

RACINE, WIS.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Saturday afternoon the first shoot of the Orion Gun Club, recently organized, took place on the beach north of the harbor piers, and taking into consideration that it was the first trial, the boys did some pretty good shooting. Each shot at ten glass balls, with the following score:

F. A. Blake.....11010 11011—7 C. W. Smith.....11111 11111—10

Jackson Case.....10101 10101—6 A. H. Amos.....11111 10111—9

R. M. Boyd.....11111 11111—10 J. R. Smith.....11111 11111—10

Geo. Langlois.....11000 01101—5 F. Oslus.....11101 00011—6

A. H. Amos and C. W. Smith shot a match of five double rises, the former breaking 8 and the latter 9 balls. J. R. Smith succeeded in getting in ten straight after the regular match. The next monthly match will be for a silver cup, and considerable sport is anticipated. A large crowd was present to witness the shooting, and from the present indications it is apparent that in a short time Racine will have one of the largest and best gun clubs in the state.

J. R. Smith, R. M. Boyd and C. W. Smith pulled their own traps.

The origin of the name may be of interest to those who are unacquainted with mythology.

Orion was the son of Neptune. He was a handsome giant and mighty hunter. His father gave him the power of wading through the sea, or as some believed, of walking on its surface.

For a while he dwelt as a hunter, with Diana, with whom he was a favorite, and it is even said she was about to marry him. Her brother was greatly displeased and often chided her; but to no purpose. One day, observing Orion wading through the sea, with his head just above the water, Apollo pointed it out to his sister Diana and maintained that she could not hit that black thing on the sea. The archer goddess discharged a shaft with fatal aim. The waves rolled the dead body of Orion to the land, and bawling her fatal error with many tears, Diana placed him among the stars, where he appears as a giant, with girdle, sword, lion's skin and club. Sirius, his dog, follows him, and the Pleiades fly before him.

Like Orion, some of the hunters here had dogs, but alas; they are gone to the happy hunting ground; that fell destroyer of the canine, "distemper," has proved unusually fatal in many cases here this season, and I believe of those saved, every one has been treated with homeopathic remedies, aconite, nux vomica, bryonia and arsenicum.

B. W. TRAIL.

Erb-Bogardus Match.

This match which was for a purse of \$300, was shot at St. Joseph, Mo., Thursday, March 11, 1880. The conditions of the match were: To shoot at 100 pigeons each, from five ground traps, twelve-bore double guns, the use of both barrels, one and one quarter ounce of shot, Hurlingham rules. Erb to stand at twenty-eight and Bogardus at thirty yards. Bogardus used a twelve-bore, ten-pound choke bore gun, by Scott & Son, five drams orange lightning No. 7 powder, No. 9 shot in his first, and No. 7 shot in his second barrel. Erb used a gun of similar weight, made by James Purdy & Sons. His shells were loaded with four and one-half drams Hazard powder (sea-shooting, ducking size), and Chicago No. six (6) shot in both his first and second barrel. That Mr. Erb, who is only nineteen years old, should have beaten the acknowledged champion by ten birds, will no doubt be a surprise to many.

The following is the official score of the match:

Captain A. H. Bogardus. Thirty yards—11011 11111 11101 11111

11111 11101 11111 11101 11010 10101 10101 11111 01111 00111

11111 11101 11111—83.

Fred Erb, Jr. Twenty-eight yards—11111 11111 11101 01111 11011

11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11011 11111

11111 11111 11111—83.

Weather, cold and windy; the wind blowing from the right to the left across the traps. Time of shoot, three hours, five minutes.

Paul Francke referee. B. F. Buzard, scorer.

Challenge from Bogardus to Erb.

CHICAGO, ILL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—As I shot a match at pigeons with Fred Erb, Jr., at 100 birds each, at St. Joseph, Mo., on 11th of March, and gave him two yards odds, he shooting at 28 yards and I at 30; and as he made a big score and won, now I would like to shoot him a match on even terms, 30 yards rise, English rules, as I want practice for my English match which is coming off in July. As far as shooting for "big money" is concerned I will shoot the match for the price of birds or for from \$100 up to \$1,000 a side, and then if I win I will give him the same odds as before in another match, or I will let him name a match at 100 pigeons, any rise, double or single. If this match is accepted I would name the last week in April as the date, and St. Louis, Mo., as the place, or any other half way ground. I will agree to furnish the pigeons for the match and guarantee they will fly without going out to scare them up. As Erb is one of the best shots in the country I hope he may accept this, for I want to find a man who can equal me or beat me, and then we will go to England as a team.

A. H. BOGARDUS.

MARCH 14, 1880.

EASTHAM, MASS.—Editor Chicago Field:—The Union Gun Club held another glass ball shoot to-day, March 6. The attendance was large, considering it was a very cold day. Following is the

SCORE.

N. Smith.....11001 11110—7 F. E. Knowles.....11111 01111—9

P. Higgins.....01111 10011—7 N. M. Knowles.....10110 00110—5

P. Smith.....11111 01111—9 E. Knowles.....00001 10101—4

F. Smith.....10001 01111—7 E. B. Penniman.....00011 11010—5

W. O. Knowles.....11111 11110—9 E. L. Knowles.....01111 11001—7

T. Nickerson.....11110 11111—9 J. Hopkins.....11110 11101—7

C. A. Loud.....11111 01111—9 W. A. Nickerson.....11101 11111—9

The next match was at 10 balls each from Card's rotary trap, to stand back to trap until the word pull.

SCORE.

P. Smith.....11110 11111—9 N. M. Knowles.....01001 10101—6

C. A. Loud.....11110 11111—9 W. O. Knowles.....01110 0101—5

F. E. Knowles.....11011 10111—8 T. Nickerson.....00100 11011—5

N. Smith.....10110 01111—6 E. L. Knowles.....10101 W

F. Smith.....01111 01001—6 W. Dill.....00001 00001—2

E. B. Penniman.....11010 10101—6

WOODCOCK.

WINDSOR, ONT.—Editor Chicago Field:—The Windsor Gun Club had their first shoot at pigeons, for the Club Cup, March 4. The following is the

SCORE.

F. Howson.....11111 11101—9 J. Cornish.....01110

G. Gauthier.....01010—3 J. Wagner.....1010

J. Farner.....10101 11—3 P. C. Fonting.....010

N. Simon.....10101 0—3 J. Skuce.....010

J. Marantette.....10111 110—3 Donelson.....01110

J. Winters.....1010—3 D. G. Revell.....11101 0

W. Raper.....1010—2

LORD DUFFERIN.

SYRACUSE, N.Y.—Editor Chicago Field:—Last Saturday afternoon, March 6, the Sisyb Gun Club, of Syracuse, held their first pigeon shoot. The following is the score, 21 yards rise, ten birds:

A. B. Barney.....01111 01111—8 F. E. Brown.....01101 11011—7

Still.....11011 01101—7 D. Bray.....00110 01100—4

G. Z. Page.....10111 01101—7

Our club has just been organized, and expects to participate in the state shoot to be held at Nebraska City, Neb., in May next.

B.

THE AGE OF MIRACLES is past, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will not raise the dead, will not cure you if your lungs are half wasted by consumption, or your system sinking under cancerous disease. It is, however, unsurpassed both as a pectoral and alterative, and will cure obstinate and severe disease of the throat and lungs, coughs, and bronchial affections. By virtue of its wonderful alterative properties it cleanses and enriches the blood, thus curing pimples, blotches and eruptions, and causing even great eating ulcers to heal. Sold by druggists.—(Adv.)

Amusements.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—C. W. Barry's "Lost at Sea" is found at the Olympic, and everybody is going to the rescue. Mr. Barry is no novice. Miss Alice Sherwood is a captivating Florence, and Miss Fox, Messrs Grey, Beach, Barrett, Clifton, Crossman, Robinson and Nellie Norwood, and Mrs. J. W. Fox, are able assistants. Tillie Antonio, comic, Alf Wyman and Emma Crocker the comical Teutons, and Ella Clarence, in a star olio. March 22, Sprague's Georgia Minstrels.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.—Lotta the charmer never grows old in years or tiresome in business, but is as refreshing, piquant and attractive both on and off the stage as ever. This week she opened in "The Little Detective," taking her six characters to continuous applause, ably supported by Miss Julia Hanchett. Lulu Jordan, Mrs. C. C. Boniface, Ed. Marble, Mr. Wallis, and Fred Percy. Next week Ada Cavendish in "Lady Clancarty."

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.—Mr. James A. Hearne in "The Hearts of Oak" is again in the city, this time at Hooley's. The acting in this piece is fairly done. Miss Catherine Corcoran coming in for her full share of sympathy, and being at once a favorite. The setting and effects are most excellent. Like the "Two Mothers," it has a Tichborne air, and to overly nervous or sympathetic people is most affecting.

HAMLIN'S THEATRE.—The second week of "The Love of Two Sailors" at this rapidly becoming more popular house opened more smoothly than a week ago, and is highly praised by the large attendance and the general press. The play is a good one and shows even the unpretentious Mr. Hamlin to be of no ordinary ability as playwright.

HAVERTY'S THEATRE.—The newly married Miss Maude Granger (Mrs. Annie Fallin) appeared this week in all her loveliness and artistic ability as Cicely Blaine in "The Galley Slave" at General Jack Haverty's Dearborn and Monroe Street Chicago Theatre. A pretty play, excellent acting, and crowded houses have marked the first week of the engagement.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—At the West Side house of amusement, Manager Emmett's Academy of Music, Mr. Arnett reproduced "The Victims of Faro" to crowded houses. The attendance was heavy all the week. The Olio is a good one—the Clipper Quartette being repeatedly encored.

General Notes.

ATHLETIC.

NOTES.—Daniel O'Leary's score at the close of his six days' San Francisco, California, match with Weston at 10 o'clock p. m. on Saturday evening, March 13, stood 514 miles to Weston's 485 miles. At Jamestown, N. Y., Harriman won the match with 215 miles. Guyon and Hart withdrew before the close. The entries for the O'Leary belt race, to take place at Madison Square Garden, New York, beginning on April 5, are as follows: F. H. Hart, Boston, Mass., 540½ miles; F. Krohne, New York City, 535½ miles; C. Faber, Newark, N. J., 531½ miles; W. Pegram, Boston, Mass., 527 miles; S. Merritt, Bridgeport, Conn., 509 miles; N. Murphy, Haverstraw, N. Y., 505½ miles; E. Williams, New York City, 502½ miles; H. Howard, Glen Cove, L. I., 500 miles; P. McIntyre, San Francisco, Cal., 500 miles; J. Allen, Carlisle, England, 452½ miles; J. Dobler, Chicago, Ill., 340½ miles in six days, twelve and one-half hours each day, seventy-five hours in all; G. Hanwaker, New York City, 288½ miles; Bender's Unknown, New York; J. Henry, New York City; M. Jaybee, New York City; W. H. Kerwin, New York City; J. F. Brown, New York City; J. Woods, Jersey City. A. F. Abels, of New York City, will manage the race. It is said that J. H. Haverly and Fred Englehardt have joined interests in the pedestrian tournament business. H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass., and John McMahon, of Rutland, Vt., wrestled collar and elbow in the Music Hall, Boston, on the night of the 16th instant, in the presence of 3,000 people, for \$1,000 and the championship of the world. The contest was squarely and stubbornly fought, but neither man having won a fall, the referee, John Ennis, declared a draw. The greatest actors have always appreciated physical exercises. The names of Salvini, Forrest, Walter Montgomery, Macready, Young, Talma, and Boal, may be numbered among the best athletes and gymnasts. Walter Montgomery was probably the most perfectly formed man ever seen upon the stage. He was a thorough athlete; as a wrestler, boxer, with foils, a horseman, a strong oar and a good pedestrian. The London *Referee* says there is some talk of a match at the go-as-you-please game between Brown and Rowell. As one is champion (of England) and the other is champion (of the World), it would perhaps be as well if they would settle their rivalry at once, and thus leave the construction and formation of wobbling wonders to be regarded as permanently fixed in the list of lost arts. According to latest public form—especially as it is whispered that Brown could have done 600 miles in the full time if he had been required—Rowell ought not to be too anxious for a match. But then Brown has never shown his wondrous speed and staying power when most they are required. This perhaps accounts for Rowell's talk about thousands of pounds a side. Rowell has never, according to the tabulated records, shown anything like first-class form at long jogs thus far. Still, he

has been good enough to win the biggest stakes yet known at pedestrianism, and perhaps this fact, when added to the other fact that Rowell will surely keep on going until he drops, whatever the watch may say.

FOREIGN NOTES.—Germany will this year probably send a four to the English Henley. Elliott, the English sculler, now expects to start for America about the first of April, to take part in the regatta, and other aquatic competitions. W. Cook and W. Mitchell play 1,000 points up for \$1,000, on March 31, at Great St. James Hall, London. Mitchell 200 points start. Hawdon beat Kempster by two lengths in 23m. 35sec. H. Thatcher, A. Hancock, A. Johnson and W. Chillum contested for the three hours' championship at Agricultural Hall, London, on Feb. 23. The first three were disqualified for running. W. Chillum won on the 14th mile; Hancock had 16 miles to his credit in 2h. and 8m., when he was ordered off the track. Chillum made but 17 miles and 3 laps in the allotted time.

BILLIARDS.

NOTES.—It seems that Slosson has failed, so far, in getting on a match with Vignaux. The Frenchman seems to be only proving the correctness of the opinion which has been very generally formed of him in America. San Francisco has a handicap billiard tournament. Ned McLaughlin, of Philadelphia, defeated Jim Palmer in a match, by 300 points to 103. McLaughlin ran 149 round the table, and Palmer warbled "I'm not so young as I used to be." Joe Gerstell, a charming "red wagon with yellow wheels," is carrying a six-foot cue around the Quaker City, trying to call Billy Rockhill out of his Centennial hole, but "Rocks" don't smell any bait, and is not hungry for wind. Gerstell is a good money player, and may come to Chicago soon. Thomas Foley has solved the 13, 14, 15. It was on the pool table, and it cost us the price of "six rounds, please, sir."

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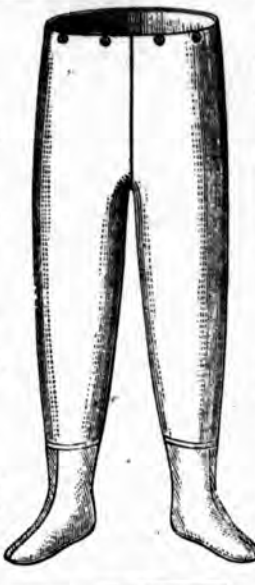
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